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SARATOGA

Gray Dubois
from the book
June 18

THE BATTLE—BATTLE GROUND—VISITORS' GUIDE

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WITH MAPS

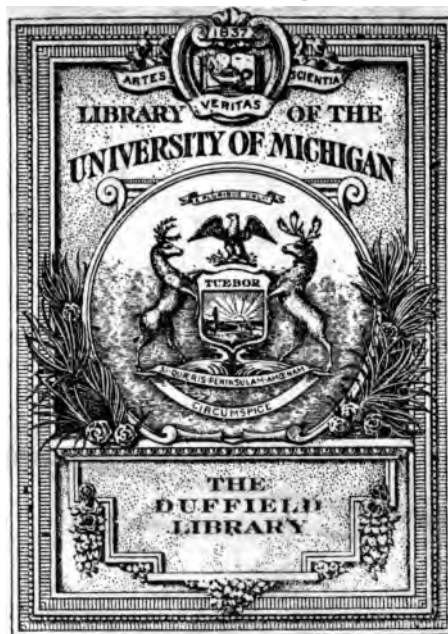
BY

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH

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THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA

BURGOYNE AND THE NORTHERN CAMPAIGN, 1777

BY

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH

Reprinted from the Magazine of American History for May

THE Campaign of Burgoyne, with its attendant circumstances, has had so much light thrown upon it by skillful writers that its review at the present time may seem unnecessary—even presumptuous. Yet, as artists of greater or less capacity are encouraged to repeat a theme, made familiar by the works of great masters, so, perhaps, may be justified this attempt to portray again the great historical drama that opened so exultingly in June, 1777, near the banks of the St. Lawrence river, and terminated amid so many tragic elements in October of the same year, on the banks of the Hudson.

Few important events have occurred in the history of the world, which, in unity of purpose and culminating interest, are more intensely dramatic; and few have occupied so vast a theatre. For its northern boundary we must enter Canada at the Three Rivers, where the British and German winter encampment was deserted; on the west we find the famous carrying place of the Indians between the head waters of the Oswego and the Mohawk, where stood Fort Stanwix, an important point in the action; on the east were the Hampshire Grants, just moulding themselves into an organized government, where the British met their first repulse; and toward the south, in the Jerseys, those momentous manœuvres took place that formed a huge side-play to the stirring events further northward; the main armies there were but holding each other in check, while the over-confident English forces from Canada poured through that unhinged gateway of the north, Ticonderoga, and swept on southward to meet their final fate in the picturesque region of Old Saratoga.

We, of the present time, can easily picture to ourselves the magnificent stage on which these events took place; we, who so often traverse this region by land and water; passing through the lovely valley of the

Mohawk from Albany to Lake Ontario ; thence skirting the great northern wilderness, as we sweep around it by water into the borders of Canada, and from there returning through the grand river-like Lake Champlain to Whitehall, the old Skenesborough. Again we pass over fair hills, and by the historic Wood Creek to Fort Edward, and thence by romantic carriage rides, or on the lazy canal, to the mouths of the Mohawk, and to Albany again. Hence, resting on the tranquil waters of the broad Hudson, our sumptuous boat is soon borne onward past the Highlands, past the fire-ravaged town of Kingston; and lower down, where we look for the sites of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, and where Putnam stood guard at Peekskill. We are stirred by memories of the anxieties, the hopes, the fluctuations of despair and joy that swayed our countrymen of that time; and we are not unmindful of the agony of longing with which the ambitious Burgoyne listened for one sound of victory, or of hearty cooperation from this region, while he clung to his last foothold before the victorious army of the Patriots. Landing at New York, our imagination still filled with these visions of the past, we naturally turn to the western shores of the bay; there the names that float so vaguely in our minds—Morristown, Middlebrook, Quibbletown, and Brunswick—seem suddenly vivified, and resolve themselves into a hieroglyphic that reads: "Remember Washington!" It was his grasp of large events, his steadfastness of purpose, and his firm directing rein, that brought into harmony and effect the conflicting and seemingly inefficient forces that made the closing scene of this spectacle a triumph that astonished the world.

The importance of this triumph upon the fortunes of the American struggle for Independence is undisputed. The Battle of Saratoga is declared upon high authority to be one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. The reactionary feeling it called forth in the Colonies, after the disasters and anxieties of the campaign of the previous year in Canada, strengthened public sentiment in favor of the patriotic cause, and filled the depleted ranks of the army. It led directly to the indispensable assistance received from France, and thus to the later recognition of other foreign Governments. ~~As in the last French and English war,~~ the campaign of 1759, which embraced the rocky heights of Quebec, the great water line of New York, and the western posts on the great lakes, was the decisive campaign; so by this one of 1777, similar in construction, it was proposed by the English King and his American Minister, Lord Germaine, to divide and crush the Colonies, and terminate the war.

General Burgoyne, who had witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, and had watched with critical judgment the cautious movements of Sir Guy Carleton during the year 1776, had in the latter part of that year returned to England and held long consultations with the King and Germaine. Burgoyne brought his military knowledge and experience, and his brilliant intellectual powers into play in depicting to them the wisdom and efficiency of Amherst's campaign of 1759. May he not also have held in his fervid imagination some picture of himself in the near future receiving such honors as had been awarded to Amherst? We know the result of those consultations; how a definite and explicit plan was formed in England by which every particular in regard to the movement of troops in Canada was specified, even to the number that should garrison each successive post; how Sir Guy Carleton was ignored, and ordered to hand over the army of invasion to General Burgoyne; and how, upon leaving the Canadian boundaries, that army was to be wholly independent of Carleton. Orders were also forwarded to Sir William Howe, at New York, to cooperate with this enterprise by proceeding up the Hudson river to join Burgoyne at Albany. These orders do not appear to have been so peremptory as those which were to control the northern division of the army; at least Lord Howe interpreted them very freely. He not only sailed south, toward Philadelphia, with the main army, while Burgoyne was pushing toward him from the north, but he left Sir Henry Clinton at New York with purely discretionary powers in regard to such cooperation.

It was also arranged by Lord Germaine that an expedition should be sent to Fort Stanwix by way of Lake Ontario, which should make its way thence through the Mohawk valley to Albany; and St. Leger was designated as the proper person for its command. The New England Colonies were also to be threatened with invasion; upon this order General Burgoyne based very strongly his defense, before the Parliamentary Committee, of his disastrous movement upon Bennington.

It is thus seen that the culmination of this grand scheme was directed against the very heart—the vital existence of the great province of New York, even then the most important, the most vigorous of those thirteen young giants who stood so sullenly, defiantly, and yet reluctantly at bay to receive the blow that would decide whether they should submit to the unreasonable demands of a tyrannical parent, or remain free for the development of a full manhood.

When Burgoyne arrived at Quebec, in May, he found Carleton ready to aid him with alacrity, and in a very short time the troops that had

been in winter quarters and the newly arrived reinforcements—the Canadian Provincials and the Indian allies—were in readiness for a forward movement. Burgoyne ordered the sick and the baggage to be left at Three Rivers, and the whole army to concentrate at St. Johns. This was accomplished by the 12th of June, and here, on that day, around a sumptuous dinner, sat Sir ~~Guy Carleton~~, Generals Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips, Frazer and other officers of rank. While still at the table a message was brought informing General Riedesel of the long anticipated arrival of his wife, the Baroness, ~~at Quebec, and~~ announcing to General Carleton the approach of reinforcements for the army in Canada. Hearty congratulations were exchanged, the wine flowed freely, and amid great hilarity and exultation General Carleton took leave of the army of invasion. A brilliant scene was presented by this trained and disciplined army of two nations, equipped with all that power, wealth and genius could devise and procure, and accompanied by artillery unparalleled at that time for efficiency and splendor. As the guns roared out their farewell salute, and the different corps moved back and forth in their preparations to embark, the earth shook as though she would hasten their departure; and as they floated towards the great Lake its waters quivered under the light of a hazy mystery that seemed to entice them on to unimagined glories. What wonder if the poet-soul of Burgoyne reveled in enchanting fancies that clothed the end in brightness. We have been accustomed to think of him in disgrace, as he yielded his sword to his victorious enemy—or to dwell on his pompous proclamations, his grandiose follies. Another view may be taken of this hero of misfortunes. He made undoubted and serious sacrifices in an attempt to control and humanize his savage allies; his high sense of honor cannot be questioned; his calmness and discretion under unjust public opprobrium and censure are worthy of admiration and imitation. The brilliancy of his hope, the persistency of his efforts to accomplish the desired end, his unflinching assumption of entire responsibility, and the quiet dignity with which final disaster was faced and borne, render him one of the most picturesque and pathetic objects that fill for a moment the kaleidoscope of our revolutionary epoch.

We have a graphic description of Burgoyne's army on Lake Champlain, given by Anburey, a young officer who accompanied the expedition, in one of his delightful letters to a friend. "Let me just relate," writes he, "in what manner the army passed up the lake, which was by brigades, generally advancing from seventeen to twenty miles a day, and regulated in such a manner that the second Brigade should take the

place of the first, and so on successively, for each Brigade to fill the ground the other quitted; the time of departure was always day-break."

In another letter he writes: "I cannot forbear portraying to your imagination one of the most pleasing spectacles I ever beheld. When we were in the widest part of the lake, whose beauty and extent I have already described, it was remarkably fine and clear, not a breeze was stirring, when the whole army appeared at one view in such perfect regularity as to form the most complete and splendid regatta you can possibly conceive. In the front the Indians went with their birch-bark canoes, containing twenty or thirty each; then the advanced corps in regular line with the gun-boats, then followed the Royal George and Inflexible, towing large booms—which are to be thrown across two points of land—with the two brigs and sloops following; after them Generals Burgoyne, Phillips and Riedesel in their pinnaces; next to them the second Battalion, followed by the German Battalion; and the rear was brought up with the sutlers and followers of the army. Upon the appearance of so formidable a fleet you may imagine they were not a little dismayed at Ticonderoga, for they were apprised of our advance, as we every day could see their watch-boats."

While the main army from Canada was thus advancing towards Crown Point and Ticonderoga, St. Leger, with nearly a thousand men, regulars and Canadians, and Sir John Johnson with the Royal Greens, whose homes all lay in the beautiful valley they now wished to ravish and conquer, moved up the St. Lawrence and through Lakes Ontario and Oneida into Wood Creek, by which to approach Fort Stanwix or Schuyler. This fort was garrisoned by seven hundred and fifty Continental troops, and was under the command of the brave Colonel Gansevoort.

Early in the year 1777 General Philip Schuyler, commanding the northern division of the Continental Army, had been actively engaged in preparations for the summer campaign in his Department. At that time he had informed General Washington that it would be necessary for him to have ten thousand additional troops to garrison Fort Ticonderoga and its adjacent defences, and two thousand for important points on the Mohawk. He was making arrangements, under the direction and with the assistance of Washington, to collect and provide for as large a portion of this force as possible, when, early in April, it became necessary for him to go to Philadelphia. This was in consequence of the intrigues of his enemies, who had determined that he should relinquish the

command of the Northern Department. Congress had just before this sent General Gates to resume the command at Ticonderoga, and while General Schuyler was absent the control of the Department devolved upon Gates.

General Schuyler, as second officer in rank in the Continental Army, commanded the defences of Philadelphia while in that city, and was energetically engaged in that capacity; he was also a delegate to Congress from New York. About the last of May resolutions were passed in Congress affording him an entire vindication from all charges brought against him, and he was given "absolute command over every part of the Northern Department."

On the 3d of June he arrived in Albany and resumed his command. During his absence little had been done to carry forward his plans of defence, or to increase the little army that garrisoned the widely separated posts of the command. The Mohawk valley, always an object of especial care and solicitude to Schuyler, had been wholly neglected.

Upon his arrival in Albany he immediately wrote to General Herkimer to hold the militia of Tryon county in readiness to repel any attack from the west; and he renewed his efforts to quiet and conciliate the Indians of the Six Nations, with whom he had great influence.

He was soon informed of the movements of Burgoyne. His first impression was that Burgoyne would only make a feint upon Ticonderoga, while his main army would march from St. Johns toward the Connecticut river, and make an attempt upon the New England States, who might receive a simultaneous attack on the sea coast from Lord Howe. He gave no time to idle surmises, however, but hurried to Ticonderoga to inspect its defenses. The additional works, projected at Mount Independence, opposite Ticonderoga, were incomplete for want of troops and artizans. Schuyler, therefore, went to Lake George, whence he forwarded workmen and provisions to Fort Independence, and then returned to Albany, to hurry forward reinforcements that were hourly expected from Peekskill.

Hearing at this time of Burgoyne's certain and speedy approach toward Ticonderoga, he wrote most urgently to the Governor of Connecticut, the President of the Council of Massachusetts, and the various Committees of Safety, and to Washington, informing them of the impending danger, and asking for assistance. He also used every exertion possible to collect the militia of New York, with which he might advance at once to aid St. Clair, whom he had placed in command of

Fort Ticonderoga. General Gates had refused to remain in the Department after Schuyler's return and had obtained a leave to return to Philadelphia.

Schuyler's appeal for reinforcements met with a languid response. Washington alone seemed to understand the urgency of his need, and he could do little to augment Schuyler's insignificant army. He, however, appealed also to the New England States, urging upon them the danger to their own boundaries if Burgoyne should gain any foothold in the Northern Department. He also ordered Putnam at Peekskill to reinforce Schuyler with four Massachusetts regiments.

At this time the main army under Washington consisted of but seven thousand five hundred men, many of them militia, whose terms of service would soon expire. With this small force, Washington, from the heights at Middlebrook, watched and baffled the movements of Lord Howe, whose army, assembled at Brunswick, "had not its equal in the world."

Howe's main object was to entice Washington into a general engagement, in which the British would have greatly the advantage. Such a victory would not only insure possession of Philadelphia, the principal aim of Howe's campaign, but would enable him to cooperate with Burgoyne, which he was willing to do, if such a movement could be made conformable to his own plans.

Washington was greatly perplexed, and in much anxiety from his inability to solve the designs of Howe. Yet, with undisturbed self-possession, he continued to hold the shifting army of the enemy in check. It had advanced and retreated; advanced again, and had endeavored to outflank him; but finally, by his untiring vigilance, his inflexible adherence to his original purpose of maintaining his strong position on the heights, and by the harrassments to which he subjected the ease-loving Lord Howe, he compelled that commander on the 30th of June to evacuate the Jerseys with his whole army.

Washington had written to Schuyler: "If I can keep General Howe below the Highlands, I think their schemes will be entirely baffled." Even when Howe was known to have sailed southward, Washington surmised that it might be a feint to draw him toward Philadelphia, when Howe would return and ascend the Hudson.

It is evident that the situation of the Northern Department constantly occupied the attention of the Commander-in-Chief. When he was assured that Howe was in the capes of the Delaware, and there was no further doubt that Philadelphia was the point of attack, although

himself in great need of troops and efficient officers, he parted with Morgan's Corps of five hundred picked men, and sent Arnold, of whose abilities as a General he entertained a high opinion, to assist the Army of the North. He also directed General Lincoln, then in New England, to repair to Schuyler's command, and advised that he should attempt a flank movement upon Burgoyne toward the east. He also addressed circulars to the Brigadier-Generals of Militia in Western Massachusetts and Connecticut, urging them to march with a large part of their command to Saratoga, or other rendezvous designated by General Schuyler. To the latter he wrote, warning him against collecting large quantities of ammunition and other stores in forts and lines of defense. "I begin to consider lines," he writes, "a kind of trap, unless they are in passes which cannot be avoided by the enemy."

We will see how the imperfect lines of defense at Ticonderoga came near being "a trap," in which St. Clair and his little army of three thousand men would have been captured but for the prompt and well-considered plan of retreat adopted by St. Clair. If this retreat was in some particulars disastrous, this misfortune should not reflect upon the commander, but on the subordinates, who, through negligence and officiousness, marred his plan, and upon the ill fortune that sometimes attends the best laid schemes.

The importance attached to the occupation of Ticonderoga appears to have been traditionary, and without sufficient foundation. Being considered of such importance, there seems to have been strange neglect and want of foresight in the various officers who succeeded each other in its command. The scattering and imperfect defenses were extended over more than two miles. Sugar Hill, "the key of the position," was not occupied. There had been repeated discussions among the officers as to the feasibility of fortifying this commanding point. Colonel Trumbull, and Generals Wayne and Arnold had climbed the hill, which was difficult of ascent, to satisfy themselves that a battery could be placed upon it. Major Stevens, the energetic officer who commanded the artillery at Ticonderoga, and later all the artillery in the northern department, had proved by a practical experiment with one of his guns that it should be occupied.

Washington, upon a report of the defenses in the Northern Department, had condemned Fort Independence, on the opposite shore of the Lake, as entirely useless for the purpose of checking an enemy's progress toward the south, as it did not command the road to Lake George. Yet Wayne, Gates, Schuyler, and St. Clair were equally agreed in con-

sidering it necessary to hold Ticonderoga and strengthen Mount Independence, and were equally negligent in leaving Sugar Hill exposed to the adversary. The scantiness of the garrison, the contentions among its commanders, and the final unexpected rapidity of Burgoyne's advance, may partly explain the apparent want of sound military judgment that caused this fortress to fall like ripe fruit into the hands of the invader.

An old entrenchment on the road to Lake George was also neglected by the Americans; and when Burgoyne made his appearance before Ticonderoga on the 4th of July, this position was immediately seized upon by General Frazer, and named Mount Hope, as significant of future success.

Burgoyne had lingered a few days at Crown Point, and there on the 30th of June he issued the famous order, containing these words: "*This army must not retreat.*" On the following morning he moved forward in battle array. The German battalions formed the left wing, and advanced on the east side of the lake until they camped in front of Mount Independence. General Frazer led the right wing on the west side, and the floating batteries moved in unison between. On the 4th of July, when Frazer had occupied Mount Hope, General Phillips took possession of the mills at the outlet of Lake George, and on the same day sent Lieutenant Twiss to reconnoitre Sugar Hill. Satisfied from his report that a battery could be placed upon it, he only waited for darkness to carry out his design. The guns were then hoisted from tree to tree with heavy ropes, and, writes Anburey, "General Phillips urged the work forward with the same vehemence with which he drove his artillery at the battle of Minden, when he is said to have broken fifteen canes over the horses."

On the morning of July 5th St. Clair awoke to see, in the early dawn, the red-coats busy on the summit of Sugar Hill, planting a battery seven hundred feet above him, from which point they could observe every movement within the fort. He recognized the danger, and immediately called a council of officers. They unanimously agreed that the evacuation of Forts Ticonderoga and Independence was imperative, or a surrender would soon be inevitable.

St. Clair, quietly and expeditiously, made arrangements to begin the retreat on the same night. The troops were permitted to believe that a sortie was intended, and firing was continued through the day to deceive the enemy. Above the floating bridge that connected the forts a boom had been placed to obstruct the navigation of the lake. It was sup-

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posed that this would delay the British gunboats, so that the American batteaux might reach Skenesborough in safety. As soon as darkness rendered it discreet, the wounded and women, together with the stores and ammunition, were embarked on two hundred of these batteau. They were escorted by five armed galleys and six hundred men, under the command of Colonel Long. It was a bright moonlight night, but they got under way in safety: as they proceeded leisurely up the lake, they indulged in much merriment and exultation over their quiet and expeditious escape.

St. Clair, with the main body of the troops, also passed safely and undiscovered over the floating bridge, where they were joined by the garrison from Mount Independence. All were under full retreat, when, most unfortunately, the house that had been occupied as head-quarters by General de Fertnois, who commanded Independence, was fired, and the brilliant flames lighted up the entire columns of the retreating forces. The British sentinels immediately gave the alarm. By day-break the British flag floated over both forts, and in a few hours General Frazer was in close pursuit of the Americans.

On the morning of the 7th Frazer's Indian scouts came upon the rear guard of St. Clair's army, under Colonels Warner and Francis, at Hubbardton. General Frazer made an impetuous attack, which Warner resisted with great spirit. He was nobly seconded by Colonel Francis, who three times charged the enemy at the head of his regiment. On one of these occasions his men came into action singing the hymns familiar to them in their village churches. This induced the British to believe that reinforcements had arrived; they were yielding ground when General Riedesel, who had been awaiting the arrival of his grenadiers for two hours with great impatience, now brought them forward with colors flying, while they sang the resonant battle hymns of the Germans. Under the first onslaught with their bayonets, Colonel Francis fell, fatally wounded, and the exhausted Americans were compelled to leave the field. They had crippled the enemy sufficiently to check further pursuit, and had caused them heavy losses of men and officers. Among the wounded was Major Ackland, whose painful walk afterwards down the steep, wooded hill, upon which the battle was fought, is touchingly related by the officer who assisted him. It was in consequence of this wound that Lady Ackland shortly afterward joined him at Skenesborough.

While the contest was in progress at Hubbardton, St. Clair ordered Colonel Hale with his regiment to reinforce Warner and Francis. Hale

disobeyed orders, and with his men was soon afterwards captured by the enemy. St. Clair, hearing now that Burgoyne had possession of Skenesborough, pushed into the woods eastward, and made a circuitous route to Fort Edward, where he arrived on the 12th.

The batteau of the American flotilla from Ticonderoga, had just touched at Skenesborough, when heavy firing was heard in their rear. The British had speedily disposed of the obstructing boom and followed the flotilla up the lake. The Americans, confused and panic-stricken, abandoned all the stores they had brought with so much care, and fled towards Fort Anne. Before leaving they set fire to the houses, mills and other buildings at Skenesborough; the flames spread into the pine forests, on the surrounding hills, which, as the British approached, presented a scene of unsurpassed grandeur and desolation.

The retreating force separated, one party making its way through Wood Creek, and the remainder, under Colonel Long, pushing through the woods to Fort Anne, where he determined to make a stand. When the British approached he returned to meet them, and posted his regiment on a narrow pathway near Wood Creek. As the British advanced he opened fire upon them, and shifting his troops from side to side of the creek, so harassed and confused them that they were forced to take refuge on a hill to the right. Here they were closely besieged for two hours. Several of their officers were wounded and carried into a log house whose walls were frequently penetrated by the American rifle balls; while lying there these officers commented with surprise upon the daring and endurance of the rebels, whose courageous spirit they here encountered for the first time. When Colonel Long's little band was upon the very verge of victory, there suddenly sounded through the forest, on every side, the terrible war-whoop of the savages as they advanced by hundreds to reinforce the British. The Americans hurriedly secured their prisoners, and taking their wounded, left the hill and continued their retreat to Fort Edward.

During the first days of July, General Schuyler had waited in Albany, with great impatience, the arrival of reinforcements from the Highlands. On the 7th they had not arrived, and leaving orders for them to follow, he started north with the small force he had collected, about fifteen hundred men. At Stillwater he was met with the astounding intelligence that St. Clair had abandoned Forts Ticonderoga and Independence without striking a blow in their defense, and hurrying on to Fort Edward he met Long, who could give him no account of St. Clair and his army. Fears were entertained that he had been overtaken and compelled

to surrender. After a mysterious disappearance of seven days, St. Clair joined Schuyler at Fort Edward, his men haggard and worn with their exhausting march, but safe and resolute for further service.

These misfortunes in the beginning of the campaign involved a heavy loss of artillery, small arms, and stores of all kinds; the consternation of the people who fled before Burgoyne seemed still more disastrous, and Schuyler's fortitude and composure were most severely tried. He was sustained and encouraged by constant despatches from Washington, who writes at one time, "We should never despair. If new difficulties arise we must only put forth new exertions," and again he expresses an earnest sympathy for Schuyler amid these thickening difficulties, and manifests his unwavering confidence in his ability to overcome them. With unflagging energy Schuyler exerted himself to delay the enemy while endeavoring to collect a sufficient force to meet him with some reasonable prospect of success.

Burgoyne now had his headquarters at the house of a noted loyalist, Colonel Skene; the victories he anticipated appeared to fall into his hands as the natural result of his well laid schemes. The frightened patriots trembled at his approach, and Colonel Skene assured him that hundreds of loyalists were waiting for an opportunity to join his advancing army. Skene was an old resident, a large land owner, and was supposed to exert an extended influence; much weight was therefore attached to his opinion.

Burgoyne was greatly elated, and on the tenth of July ordered a Thanksgiving service to be read "at the head of the line, and at the head of the Advanced Corps, and at sun-set on the same day, a *feu de joye* to be fired with cannon and small arms at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Skenesborough and Castleton."

He had now reached the close of the "first period of this campaign," as he divided it in his "State of the Expedition," written after his return to England. These three divisions we may appropriately consider, from an artistic point of view, as the three acts in this great drama. The second one extended from this time to Burgoyne's passage across the Hudson river, near the Batten Kill, on the thirteenth of September.

General Schuyler remained at Fort Edward until he had effectually obstructed the pathway from Skenesborough, where Burgoyne now lingered. Huge stones were rolled into Wood Creek, and trees felled across it; bridges were destroyed, and the forests leveled across the roads. The surrounding country was stripped of forage and the cattle driven off, so that the enemy would be compelled to rely upon his base of operations for

provisions ; this proved a serious obstacle to Burgoyne's advance. Having accomplished these purposes, Schuyler fell back to Fort Miller, on the east side of the river, and again paused to destroy the road over which he had just passed. He then retreated to Stillwater, and reinforcements coming in but slowly, he finally encamped his little army near the mouths of the Mohawk, but maintained his headquarters at Stillwater.

At Skenesborough Burgoyne first faced the difficulties of his position. His force was reduced in order to garrison the forts already taken, Carleton having refused to send troops for that purpose. In preparing to march through an unfamiliar wilderness, he found that the necessity of carrying provisions and dragging artillery, while engaged in cutting a passage and constructing roads, would seriously retard his progress. He was not discouraged, but pushed on vigorously. The troops suffered greatly during their severe labors from the excessive heat and innumerable insects. It was, therefore, with a feeling of intense relief that they arrived at Fort Edward on the thirteenth of July. Both officers and men were inspired with enthusiasm upon thus obtaining their first sight of the Hudson River, so long the object of their desires and hopes.

Burgoyne remained here, and at Duer's House, not far distant, until September 10th, his difficulties and perplexities constantly increasing. His requisition for horses and wagons, upon which his army was so dependent, had been imperfectly filled. It seemed impossible to accumulate sufficient provisions for a long and rapid march. Instead of the friendly and helpful inhabitants who he imagined would flock to his quarters, there was absolute coldness on the part of the inhabitants, or the desolation of deserted homes. His Indian allies were insubordinate and troublesome, and soon the murder of Jane McCrea by a party of these savages aroused and intensified the hostile feeling of the Colonists. His own humane and honorable sentiments were shocked and disgusted by this incident. It was impossible for him to dispense with the services of these wild creatures, from whom so much was expected by the Home Government. He satisfied himself by imposing stringent orders upon their movements. This created a general discontent, and they soon began to desert him by hundreds. In the midst of these anxieties he received intelligence of the arrival of St. Leger before Fort Stanwix.

According to his original plan, he must now move immediately down the river to cooperate with St. Leger, or at least make a diversion in his favor. An expedition was therefore proposed that, it was thought, would answer many important purposes. Burgoyne was informed by

Colonel Skene that at Bennington the Americans had collected many horses, and large stores of every kind for the use of the northern army. Skene also reiterated his assurances concerning the loyalists, who would, by such a movement, secure the opportunity for which they waited to join the British army. So confident were the officers of the truth of these statements of Skene, that when the Americans of Stark's command came creeping around the flanks of the British at Bennington for their first attack, they were allowed to advance under the impression that they were loyalists, who thus sought access to the British camp. This expedition was also intended to mislead Schuyler into the belief that New England was the object of Burgoyne's efforts.

Colonel Baum was sent with a body of German grenadiers, English marksmen, Canadians and Indians, to make an attack upon Bennington, and secure the much needed horses and provisions. He set out on the 13th of August, and so eager was General Burgoyne in regard to the success of this enterprise that he rode after Baum to impress his orders upon him verbally.

The people of Bennington were apprised of Baum's approach. It happened, fortunately, that General Stark had refused to leave his neighborhood and join General Schuyler at Stillwater, having recently received a slight from Congress, which seems indeed to have had a disposition to ignore or wound the most active officers of the Continental Army. Stark immediately called out the militia, and rallied his brigade; he also dispatched a message to General Lincoln, at Manchester, to forward reinforcements. On the morning of the 14th he marched out of Bennington. When about six miles on the road, he encountered the British, and a sharp skirmish took place, in which several of the enemy were killed and wounded. Baum now posted himself on a hill, and began to entrench his camp, while he sent a messenger to Burgoyne for reinforcements. A heavy rain prevented an engagement on the fifteenth, but there was constant skirmishing. The New Englanders, now thoroughly aroused to the danger of invasion, flocked hurriedly and in large numbers to the American camp.

On the morning of the 16th a bright sun dispersed all threatening clouds, and Stark, although without artillery or bayonets, prepared to attack Baum in his entrenchments. He sent a detachment to the rear of the enemy's left, and another to the rear of his right. Simultaneously with the attack from these divisions, Stark, at the head of his column, exclaimed: "There are the red-coats; before night they must be ours, or Molly Stark's a widow," and rushed upon the entrenchments

with impetuous fury. The Germans defended their works steadily and bravely, but the Canadians and Indians were soon driven in upon them; and the Americans, pressing up to the very mouth of the cannon, continued the contest with a frenzied determination. They captured the guns, and forced the Provincials and Indians to retreat precipitously. The Germans had now exhausted their ammunition; they resorted to their bayonets and broad-swords, and attempted a retreat through the woods. The Americans pursued hotly; many of the enemy were killed and wounded, among the former Colonel Baum. All who survived were taken prisoners.

At this critical moment Colonel Breyman came upon the ground with his Germans, and renewed the attack upon Stark's exhausted forces. Colonel Warner now arrived from Bennington with his regiment, fresh and vigorous. It was late in the afternoon when this second action began; it was continued until dark, the enemy retreating slowly, and making a stand from place to place. Stark followed up his victory as long as there was a ray of light to expose the enemy. "Another hour of daylight, and he would have captured the whole body." Breyman continued his retreat under cover of the night, leaving his baggage and artillery in the hands of the Americans.

This victory, so complete and inspiring to the Americans, was equally disastrous and disheartening to the British. Like the glorious sunshine of that summer day, it ripened the growing fruit of patriotism in the hearts of the colonists; and like the dreary night that followed it, shadowed the despondency of the English, and made darker the forebodings that began to cluster around the anxious heart of Burgoyne. Its practical results were an acquisition of one thousand stand of arms, and many field-pieces. Nearly six hundred privates and thirty-two officers were made prisoners of war.

In the meantime, on the 3d of August, St. Leger had appeared before Fort Stanwix and demanded its surrender. Colonel Gansevoort paying no attention to this summons, St. Leger began to fortify his camp, and bring forward his artillery through Wood Creek, preparatory to a regular siege. He also sent detachments in various directions to cut off the garrison from the surrounding country.

General Herkimer, acting under Schuyler's orders, was advancing to the relief of Colonel Gansevoort; he sent messengers to apprise that commander of his approach, and directed that signal guns should be fired upon the arrival of the men in the fort; a sortie was to be made at the same time, and under this diversion he would hasten forward. The mes-

sengers were delayed many hours on the road, and the officers under Herkimer became impatient for an advance. Herkimer urged the necessity of waiting for the preconcerted signal, but in vain; the officers continued their unreasonable appeals, and finally taunting him with cowardise or disloyalty, impelled him to a movement that his judgment did not approve.

Brant, who led the Indians under St. Leger, was informed by his sister of Herkimer's approach. An ambuscade was planned. While Herkimer's van-guard was crossing a ravine on a narrow causway, near Oriskany, the concealed Indians suddenly assailed them on either side, and a desperate contest ensued. It lasted several hours, the Americans defending themselves with resolute bravery, and the Indians killing the wounded and prisoners like veritable demons of the forest. Herkimer was seriously wounded, but had himself propped against a tree and continued to give his orders and urge on his troops. British regulars were brought on the field, who repeatedly charged with the bayonet, but were steadily repulsed.

A heavy rain checked the contest, but it was soon renewed more desperately than ever, and became one of the most terrific hand to hand fights of the war. Johnson's Royal Greens found opportunity to gratify many long-cherished animosities, as their opponents were their old neighbors of the Valley, and the Indians were excited to unusual ferocity. These last were finally driven back, and fled, and their supporters hearing firing in their rear returned to their camp.

While this contest was in progress, the messengers had reached Gansevoort, who ordered a sortie upon the enemy's camp. This was successful, and the whole camp equipage and stores of the Loyalists were secured and brought into the fort.

Congress had just adopted the Stars and Stripes as the National ensign.

One of the officers at Fort Stanwix now made an American flag of a white shirt and some bits of red cloth; the blue field was made of an overcoat belonging to Captain Swartout of Dutchess County. This uncouth emblem was the first American flag that waved over a British standard; the colors just captured at the British camp being placed in this ignoble position.

St. Leger now caused exaggerated accounts of the American losses at Oriskany to be sent into the fort, and again demanded a surrender. Gansevoort again treated the summons with contempt, when St. Leger pressed the seige and advanced his lines.

On the tenth two officers were dispatched by Gansevoort to make their way through the lines, and obtain assistance from Schuyler. At great risk, and after enduring many hardships, they reached Stillwater. Schuyler wished to respond immediately to this demand, but many of his officers objected; they urged the imprudence of lessening the force with which Burgoyne's army must be met. Schuyler felt justly indignant with this selfish disregard of the critical situation of the heroic Gansevoort. He assumed the entire responsibility of forwarding a detachment, and Arnold volunteered his services for its command. He was soon in the valley of the Mohawk with eight hundred men; his progress was not rapid enough to satisfy his impatient spirit, which reached forward in eager devices to foil the enemy, and encourage the besieged. He dispatched messengers to Gansevoort, assuring him of relief, and with great adroitness caused rumors of the advance of a large force to be circulated in St. Leger's camp. These rumors were repeated and exaggerated, until the Indian allies became alarmed and ungovernable. They seized upon the blankets and other effects of the British officers, and commenced a hasty retreat. St. Leger, believing the Americans were close upon him, left his camp, and followed his retreating allies, abandoning his guns and baggage to the exultant patriots, who were now relieved of all apprehension. Arnold was forty miles from Stanwix at this time, and upon hearing of the ignominious flight of the British, retraced his steps to join the army under Schuyler.

This army was rapidly increasing; the long expected regiments from the Highlands had arrived; the New York Militia had rallied nobly; and the New Englanders, excited by the victory at Bennington, were on their way to the camp with their jubilant brigades; Arnold, with an aumented division, was approaching. The country was buoyant with hope, an exaggerated reaction after the depression of the early summer. Schuyler was at last in a position to begin offensive operations; he might now see the development of his well laid schemes; he would soon be able to point exultantly to the result of his toil, his patience, to the unappreciated difficulties now conquered. Such we may imagine General Schuyler's thoughts, as he sprang on his horse one bright morning in August, at the door of his stately mansion in Albany, when about to meet his officers for a consultation in regard to an advance movement of his army. As his charger moved restlessly under the rein, an officer approached with an official document. Schuyler, ever on the alert, checked his horse to examine the dispatch. It contained the resolutions of Congress that deprived him of his command. This, in the face of the enemy, and at the turning point of his fortunes!

A momentary movement of the lip, and a lifting of the eyebrows—then a deepening of the firm lines about the mouth, were the only signs of suppressed emotion. With a graceful bow to the waiting officer, the deeply injured Commander rode quietly on to his head-quarters. When surrounded by his officers he explained the dispatch, and simply said: "Until the country is in safety, I shall stifle my resentment." He kept his word, and with unremitting energy continued to perform the arduous duties of his command, until his successor arrived. In a few days this successor, General Gates, appeared at head-quarters, where he was received and entertained by General Schuyler with unexampled magnanimity and dignity.

Kosciusko, the Polish engineer, was sent by General Gates to reconnoitre and select a position for the proposed advance camp of the Americans. He decided that Bemis Heights, four miles above Stillwater, was the most favorable point. The army was soon afterward encamped at that place, and a line of entrenchments constructed for its defense.

The defeat of Baum, and the failure of St. Leger, by successive strokes, had paralyzed the right and the left arms of Burgoyne's force, and he now struggled forward with the maimed body of his army, amid ever thickening danger. Yet undismayed, he assiduously endeavored to carry out his original design, and obey the orders of Germaine and the King. Having collected provisions for a thirty days' march, he dispatched a messenger to New York with entreaties for a movement to be made from that direction. He then left Duer's House, and moved his army steadily forward to the Batten Kill, where he encamped on the night of the twelfth of September. Finding that his officers were reluctant to cross the river, he assumed the entire responsibility himself, and on the 13th and 14th passed the whole army over the Hudson on a bridge of boats, enforcing his order, "This army must not retreat." They continued their march down the river, and encamped on the north side of Fish Creek. Here, in sight of Old Saratoga, which lay on the south side of the stream, closed the "second period of the campaign," and with dramatic propriety the curtain falls upon another act, which in its progress has already indicated the direction of coming events.

Here also, on the night of the 14th of September, Burgoyne's encampment rested on the very spot where, a few weeks later, his surrender took place. This place was several miles above the battle-field of Bemis Heights. From a hill on the east side of the Hudson, Colonel Colburn, of the Continental Army, reconnoitred this camp. Perched in

the forks of a tall tree, he counted through his field-glass eight hundred tents; watched the army prepare for and start on its forward march, and then hastened to Stillwater to make his report to Gates.

Burgoyne's orders at this time prove the intensity of his anxiety, his constant anticipation of an attack, and his determination to press on at all hazards. On the fourteenth of September, they read, "During the next marches of the army, the corps are to move in such a state as to be fit for *instant action*. It is a *standing order* for the rest of the campaign, that all pickets and guards are under arms an hour before daylight, and remain so until it is completely light."

On the fifteenth he says, "The army are to march in three columns, after having passed Schuyler's house—The provisions to be floated down under the care of Captain Brown—The hospitals to move as quick as carts can be provided for them—The bridge to be broke up and floated down immediately after the army is marched." And later in the day, at Dovogat, "The whole line to lie accoutred to-night."

Here, at Dovogat, he remained two days, while his working parties repaired bridges and otherwise cleared the way for his artillery and baggage. Quietness and gloom hung about the heavy columns of his army. No drums were beat, or trumpets sounded; mysteriously, laboriously and persistently this strictly disciplined army was held to its course by the dogged determination and the impelling will of its commander. Orders were rigid and imperious. "The first soldier caught beyond the advance sentries of the army will be instantly hung. The baggage will remain loaded, as the army will march as soon as the bridges are repaired," and at Sword's house on the seventeenth, his orders read, "The whole army to lie accoutred, and be under arms before daybreak, and continue so until it clears up."

The position chosen for the American camp, where Gates had determined to await an attack, was on a spur of hills that approached the river bank. At their base, on the river, stood Bemis' house, used by Gates as head-quarters for a few days; he afterwards moved on the hill. Earthworks were thrown across the narrow meadow between the hill and the river; they covered the old road, and the bridge of boats communicating with the east side of the Hudson. The heights were to the north and west. Breastworks were projected toward the north, in a semi-circle, for three-quarters of a mile. Redoubts were established at intervals. A barn built of heavy logs, belonging to the Neilson farm, which lay within the works, was converted into a rude but strong fortification. A thickly wooded ravine formed a natural defense along the

front of the camp, and Mill Creek swept through a deeper ravine, a little to the north. Gates occupied, with the right wing, the river hills and the defile between these and the river; Morgan, of Arnold's division, the left wing, camped on the heights nearly a mile back from the river, and Learned occupied the elevated plain as centre.

Arnold, with fifteen hundred men, was now constantly skirmishing with the enemy, and doubtless gave occasion for many of the sharp, concise orders issued by Burgoyne, who was constantly harassed, and often compelled to use a whole regiment to protect a small working party. On the seventeenth he was at Sword's house, where he encamped, and prepared for battle.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth of September, General Burgoyne advanced towards the American camp with his army in three columns. The left commanded by Riedesel, and composed of the German regiments, with Phillips and his artillery, moved on the river road.

Frazer, with his own and Breyman's corps, made a detour far to the west, and Burgoyne, with the English regiments, took the centre and marched toward the heights on the right.

The main object of Burgoyne was a union of his own and Frazer's divisions in the rear of the left wing of the American camp. The Canadi-ahs and Indians were to engage the attention of the Americans in front, while Frazer would get in the rear of the American left by his circuitous route through the woods; at a preconcerted signal, Burgoyne would make a simultaneous attack in the front; Riedesel and Phillips would occupy Gates on the American right; thus it was hoped they would cut off and destroy the American left wing, and at the same time gain an advanced position.

Gates was told of the near approach of the enemy, but gave no orders to meet or prepare for them. Finally yielding to the urgent importunities of Arnold and others, he consented to allow the hovering Indians to be driven back. But for this permission, which led to the repulse of the British, Burgoyne's plan might have been successful.

The American regiments behind their works were restless and eager for the contest, and no sooner were they permitted to move than they assailed the enemy with resistless impetuosity. Morgan led the way with his riflemen, who drove the advancing forces with such rapidity, that, for a moment, their commander lost sight of them. His shrill whistle soon recalled them to calmer work. Now following Arnold with Learned's brigade, they attempted to cut off the detachment of Frazer

from the main army; Frazer at the same time was endeavoring to reach the American rear. Both striving for the same object, and their movements screened by the heavy forest, they met unexpectedly near Mill Creek, a few yards west of Freeman's cottage. A furious contest followed. Arnold led with his usual spirit, while Morgan seemed endowed with the strength and ubiquity of a forest demi-god; with his active, intelligent corps, he struck blow after blow, his men scattering like leaves of the autumn before a gust of the British bayonets, only to close again and follow up their advantage. Assailing Breyman's guns, they captured a cannon, and were carrying it from the field when Morgan's horse was shot under him; heavy reinforcements came to relieve Frazer; Gates still withheld assistance, and they were scattered once more. Arnold and Morgan now made a rapid counter march against Frazer's left, and in this movement encountered the whole English line under Burgoyne.

They were now reinforced with four regiments, and made so vigorous and resolute an attack that they were on the point of severing the wings of the British army, when Phillips came forward with his artillery, and the Americans were forced back within their lines. It was now three o'clock, and a lull occurred in the contest. The two armies lay each upon a hillside, that sloped toward a ravine, which separated them. With the reinforcements conceded to Arnold, his force did not exceed three thousand men; yet, with this number, for four hours, he sustained an unequal conflict with the choicest English regiments, inspired by every sentiment that ambition or desperation could awaken, and commanded by many of the most accomplished and brave officers of the English Army.

Steadily the Patriots received charge after charge of the dreaded English bayonets; then, emboldened by their own endurance, they pushed upon the enemy in a fierce attack, to be driven again toward their own lines. While victory seemed thus to sway back and forth over the little stream, which hid its crystal waters under the crimson flood that now crept over it, and while the Americans held the ascendancy, Riedesel came over the field at double-quick with his heavy Germans, and pressed the exhausted Americans back once more. It was now dark; they gathered up their wounded and prisoners, and retired to their camp.

The American loss in killed and wounded was about three hundred, and the British nearly double that number. The latter held the field, and claimed a victory; it was worse than barren to them. Foiled in their main object, they were now burdened with many wounded; they

had tested the strength of the Americans, and were convinced that their own advantages of discipline and bayonets were perfectly counterpoised by the enthusiasm and courage of the Patriots. The British, who bivouaced on the field, were harassed until midnight by large skirmishing parties of the Americans, and were under arms in expectation of an attack in force.

Arnold urged the importance of this attack with such vehemence that Gates took serious offense, although he failed to tell Arnold that he was short of ammunition—the reason afterwards given for his refusal to follow up the advantage of the previous day. In his report of the battle to Congress, he refrained from mentioning Arnold's name. This led to a further quarrel, and Arnold was deprived of his command. Gates continued to strengthen the defenses of his camp, while his army daily increased in numbers.

Burgoyne encamped his whole army on the ground he had gained on the nineteenth, and protected it with strong entrenchments. Four redoubts were constructed on the river hills, at the place now called Wilbur's Basin. This was the northern extremity of a narrow alluvial flat that extended to Bemis House, two miles below; it widened in the centre, and narrowed again at this point, where the hills lay very near the river. On its banks were the hospitals; they and the batteaux were covered by a battery and earthworks; similar defenses were extended toward the west for nearly a mile to Frazer's camp, which was posted on the heights near Freeman's farm. North of that again a strong semi-circular redoubt was occupied by Breyman's artillery; this protected the right flank of the entire camp; the north branch of Mill Creek formed a ravine along the left front of the camp, which thus, as in other particulars, resembled the entrenched camp of the Americans.

Strongly and skillfully posted, the two armies lay face to face from the twentieth of September until the seventh of October.

“ The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
Rise dreadful note of preparation.”

Our army was exultant, hopeful; scarcely to be checked in its restless desire to drive the invader from the fruitful fields and deserted homes he desecrated and destroyed. Rushing out from their entrench-

ments under every plausible excuse to skirmish with the outposts of the enemy, or capture his pickets, the eager militia could with difficulty be restrained by the cautious Gates from bringing on the general engagement that he seemed quite willing to avoid.

The other camp seemed oppressed by the overhanging cloud of its impending fate. The British officers, perpetually on the alert, were unable to secure a single night of undisturbed repose; the men bore with quiet but sullen fortitude the privations and hardships of short rations, hurried snatches of sleep under full accoutrements, and constant calls to arms. More and more vivid to all grew the vision of that impassable wall of difficulties that enclosed them on all sides, leaving but one narrow pathway to the north; and even that was being closed by an active detachment of Americans from Lincoln's command. They had surprised the British garrisons at Lake George and Ticonderoga, and had regained all the outer defences of the latter place; had captured gunboats and batteaux, and taken three hundred prisoners.

News of this calamity soon reached Burgoyne, yet he had some compensation in a gleam of hope that reached him from the South at the same time. A letter from Sir Henry Clinton was received, informing him that on the twentieth he would attack the forts below the Highlands, and attempt a further ascent of the river. Two officers in disguise were immediately dispatched in return to inform Clinton of the critical position of Burgoyne's army, and urge him to hasten to its assistance. Clinton was also assured that Burgoyne would endeavor to hold his present position until the twelfth of October.

Lincoln, who, with a large body of militia, now joined the army at Bemis Heights, was placed in command of the right wing. Gates took command of the left, of which Arnold had been dispossessed. The latter had remained in camp, waiting patiently for a collision between the hostile armies.

As Burgoyne's situation became day by day more critical, and he received no news from Clinton, on the fourth of October he called Generals Riedesel, Phillips and Frazer together in council. Riedesel was strongly in favor of a retreat to Fort Edward, and Frazer conceded the wisdom of such a movement; Phillips declined to express an opinion, and Burgoyne finally declared that on the seventh he would make a reconnoissance, and if he then found the enemy too strong to be attacked, he would immediately retreat to Fort Edward, and await the cooperation of the army below.

On the sixth he had five days' rations distributed, and arranged for a reconnoissance in force on the following day. As he could not leave

his camp unprotected, he only took fifteen hundred men. They were selected from the corps of Riedesel, Frazer and Phillips. Led by these officers in person, and Burgoyne as Commander-in-Chief, they marched out of camp at eleven o'clock on the morning of the seventh, and entered a field within three-quarters of a mile of the American left. Here, in double ranks, they formed in line of battle.

On the left Williams' artillery and Ackland's grenadiers were posted, on a gentle hill in the edge of a wood that fronted on Mill Creek. Balcarras' light infantry and other English regiments formed the right: the Hessians held the centre. Frazer, with five hundred picked men, was posted to the right and front of Balcarras, where a hill skirted the meadow; he was ready to fall upon the rear of the American left at the first attack in front.

Foragers were at work in a wheat field, while the English officers reconnoitred the American left with their glasses from the top of a cabin near the field. An aid-de-camp conveyed this information to Gates, who said: "Order out Morgan to begin the game."

Morgan had already discovered Frazer's position, had divined his design, and formed his own plan. Ordering an attack to be made on Balcarras in front, he made a circuit in the woods to fall upon Frazer from the heights above. It was also arranged that General Poor should assail the grenadiers on the British left simultaneously with Morgan's attack. Learned was to check the Germans in the centre.

As the great Hudson, when suddenly loosened from his winter chains of ice, rushes with resistless force over all obstructions, so from their restraining earthworks the impetuous Americans poured furiously upon their adversaries in the front, while Morgan, like a mountain torrent, swept down the height upon Frazer's heroic band. So terrible was the onslaught that in less than twenty minutes the British were thrown into confusion. Frazer, in his brilliant uniform, on a splendid war horse, rode from side to side of the right wing, encouraging and rallying the bewildered troops, and protecting every point with his flexible five hundred.

Burgoyne, seeing the right wing in danger of being surrounded, now ordered Frazer to form a second line to cover a retreat. In attempting this manœuvre Frazer fell mortally wounded, and was carried from the field.

The division under Poor, with the same impulsive vigor, dashed up the hill upon the artillery and grenadiers of the British left, and drove them from their guns. Ackland brought them back, and recaptured the

guns, which again fell into the hands of the Americans, who rapidly turned them upon the enemy, and drove them flying from the field. Ackland was wounded in both legs. He was a large, heavy man, but an officer took him on his back, and ran some distance with him. The pursuit was close, and the officer, fearing he would be captured, dropped his friend, and hurried on. Ackland now called out to the flying men that he would give fifty guineas to any man who would carry him into camp. A tall grenadier took him on his shoulders, but had not proceeded many steps when he and his helpless burden were taken prisoners.

The Hessians still held their ground in the centre. At this moment Arnold, maddened by his injuries, and excited into frenzy by the clash and roar of the battle, dashed like a meteor on the field, followed in the distance by Armstrong, Gates' aid-de-camp, carrying orders to compel his return. Stop the bison on his native plain? the swallow on its flight? More easy this than Armstrong's task. The genius of war thrilled Arnold's soul, as epic metres stir the poet, as rugged landscapes, shadowed under sunset lights, influence the artist's brain. Genius ever lives and conquers! It may be desecrated and destroyed, as Arnold buried his in ignominy; but while it lives and inspires its own peculiar work, it rules and is supreme. Men bow before it, or lie crushed beneath its power. Thus, when Arnold waved his sword, and shouted his brief commands, the genius within him rung through the tones of his voice, glanced from the quivering flash of his sabre, and the regiments followed where he led—one strong will, one palpitating force.

With two brigades he rushed upon the Hessian centre, who stood the shock bravely for a time, but as he dashed upon them again and again with a fury they had never witnessed, they turned and fled in dismay.

Burgoyne now took command in person, and the conflict became general along the whole line. Arnold and Morgan, uniting to break a strong point in the British ranks, would again separate to dash from one place to another, where orders or encouragement were necessary. Burgoyne succeeded Frazer as the conspicuous figure on the opposing side, and was seen in the thickest of the mêlée, under the heaviest fire. Several shots tore his clothing, and his aids implored him not to expose himself, but resolute and daring, he endeavored skillfully, but vainly, to rally his army, and hold his ground. He could more easily have checked a hurricane on the great prairies; his whole force was driven before the storm, and swept into their entrenched camp. Here they made a deter-

~~mined stand. Arnold now took Patterson's brigade, and assailed Fra-~~
~~zer's camp, where Balcarras and his light infantry had taken refuge.~~
~~Charging with renewed vigor again and again up the embankment, he~~
 led the way over a strong abattis; driven back from this, he attacked
 the entrenchments connecting this redoubt with Breyman's flank defence.
 Here he succeeded, and leaving the Massachusetts regiments to follow
 up the advantage at that point, he encountered a part of Learned's brig-
 ade, and dashed upon the strong works of the Hessian camp. Here,
 too, he drove everything before him. Capturing the cannon, the artill-
 erists fled in consternation, and Breyman was killed on the spot. Ar-
 nold's horse was shot under him; it fell on him, and his leg was severely
 wounded. He was carried from the field.

The whole British camp now lay exposed to the pursuing Americans.
 Night and silence fell upon the scene. The groans of the wounded, the
 muffled words of command given for the burial of the dead, and the
 dirge-like wailing of the autumn wind in the tall pines, were the only
 sounds that followed the roar of artillery and the shouts of the victors.

"A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
 Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

Ah, yes! the field of Saratoga is rich with the blood of heroes.
 What are the few names we have recorded compared with the unnum-
 bered hosts who lie under the placid hills of the Hudson—or who per-
 formed upon this field unnoticed deeds of valor, and passed through life
 unregarded and unnamed.

• While the battle raged on the heights, confusion and sorrow reigned
 in and around the British camp near the river. The Baroness Riedesel,
 who, with her little children, had joined her husband at Fort Edward,
 and remained with the army, was living at Taylor's house, above Wil-
 bur's Basin. She had breakfasted with her husband at his camp on the
 heights, and having returned home, was awaiting his arrival with Gen-
 eral Frazer and other officers, who were to dine with her. These pleas-
 ant anticipations were supplanted by grief and terror, when, at about
 two o'clock, General Frazer was brought in on a litter, desperately
 wounded. The table, which had been spread for dinner, was hastily
 put aside, and a bed prepared for him. He asked the surgeon to in-
 form him truly of his condition, and when told he could live but a few
 hours, he exclaimed: "O, fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne!
 My poor wife!" These brief words express forcibly the desires, the
 thoughts, and the affections of this brave man.

The Baroness, with her children and servants, and the wives of Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell, clustered despairingly together in one corner of the room where the dying General lay. The whole house was now filled with the wounded, and Madame Riedesel soon recovering her composure, was actively engaged in relieving their sufferings and comforting her afflicted companions. Information had been brought that Major Harnage was wounded, and that Lieutenant Reynell had been killed. Lady Ackland occupied a tent near by, and was soon informed that her husband was mortally wounded and a prisoner. Frequently during the succeeding night the Baroness left her sleeping children, and went to the tent of her friend, to tell her of more encouraging rumors; and she finally advised her to obtain permission to join her husband in the American camp.

At daybreak Madame Riedesel was informed that General Frazer was in his death agony; she wrapped her children in the bedclothes, and carried them in the hall, until the last sad scene should close. Then, returning to the room, she and her companions were all day long in the presence of the sheeted dead.

After midnight General Lincoln from the American camp marched on the battle field with a large body of fresh troops, to replace the exhausted victors of the previous day. Burgoyne, aware of his danger if attacked in his exposed position, now moved his whole army hurriedly, but in good order, to the river bank. Here, in gloomy desperation, they were crowded together under the redoubts, on the morning of the eighth.

The whole of this day was spent in heavy skirmishing between the hostile armies, and General Lincoln, who had not been on the field during the seventh, was now slightly wounded. At six o'clock in the evening, General Burgoyne, with Generals Riedesel and Phillips and Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain, accompanied the remains of General Frazer to a large redoubt on one of the river hills, where they buried him, according to his dying request. The ladies at Taylor's house witnessed the funeral, and saw the cannon balls thrown by the Americans tear up the earth around the grave, while the funeral service was being read. In a few moments the balls ceased their flight, and the cannon only bellowed forth the melancholy roar of the minute guns. Gates had been informed of the sad office in progress; a graceful token of a soldier's sympathy.

Soon after this sad scene, Lady Ackland, with the Chaplain, her maid and her husband's valet were placed in a small boat and rowed down the river to the American camp, where she was soon united with her husband, whose wounds, though serious, were not fatal.

Burgoyne now gave orders for a full retreat of his army, to begin at nine o'clock that same night, the wounded and all heavy baggage to be left behind. General Riedesel was ordered to lead the van-guard, and push on until he crossed the Hudson at the Saratoga ford, and there take a position behind the hills at the Batten kill. A drenching rain poured upon the weary, plodding army the whole night. At Dovogat a halt was made. Burgoyne wavered and countermanded his orders. His last chance of retreat escaped him.

"In helpless indecisions lie,
The rocks on which we strike and die."

The imperious commander, who had led the forward march with unflinching resolution, pushing to his end without fear or hesitation, when foiled and sent back, for a moment shuddered, and refused to accept his fate. He still held his panic-stricken army under his will, and he determined once more to wait for the coming of the army from below; it might yet bring him relief. Starting from Dovogat at daybreak, the British moved again, but only to encamp during the day on the heights north of the Fish kill. The handsome residence of General Schuyler was burned on the way. During this time Colonel Fellows, with the American artillery, had planted his guns on the hills on the east side of the Hudson, opposite the British camp. General Stark had also taken possession of Fort Edward above. On the tenth General Gates, having waited for fine weather, followed Burgoyne to Saratoga and encamped on the south side of the Fish kill. His delay greatly endangered the detachment of Colonel Fellows, who could easily have been surrounded and captured; in fact, some of Burgoyne's officers were anxious to make the attempt, but failed to obtain permission. On the morning of the eleventh, while the autumn mist hung heavily over Fish kill and the adjacent grounds, Gates, believing that Burgoyne had continued his retreat, ordered his whole army to advance and cross the stream in pursuit. Without a reconnoissance or van-guard, the army was set in motion. The vigilant Burgoyne, having now staked his chances on delay, was waiting eagerly for any mistake on the part of his adversary. Aware of the proximity of Gates, and of his intention, he drew up his army, under cover of the dense fog in battle array, on the north side of the stream, to receive him. The American regiments under Nixon passed over and were instantly attacked; a severe contest followed, and Nixon soon discovered the British in force; using his own judgment, and disobeying orders, he retreated, and checked the further progress of the army until communication could be had with Gates.

Morgan had crossed the creek towards Saratoga Lake and, screened by the woods, posted his riflemen on the heights in the rear and flank of the British camp. This was strongly intrenched on the hill near the river, but was now entirely surrounded by the Patriots, and all communication destroyed either with the north or south; and it was soon found by the British that their camp was exposed in every part to the fire of cannon or riflemen; no approach to the river was permitted, and there was much suffering for want of water. The sick, wounded and women were huddled together in a house where cannon balls tore through the walls, and rolled across the floor, often wounding the helpless men who lay within. Madame Riedesel, with her children, and the other ladies took refuge in a cellar, where hours of horror were endured with uncomplaining misery.

Sir Henry Clinton, having obtained reinforcements from England, at last came storming up the Hudson as though he would annihilate all obstacles between himself and Burgoyne. He obtained possession of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, although they were most courageously defended by Gov. George Clinton and his brother James, who very skillfully saved their garrisons. The British easily destroyed the obstructing boom across the river, and Putnam, deceived and alarmed by their manœuvres, left the enemy to sail unmolested to Albany. Satisfied with the destruction of the American vessels, and having burned Kingston, the seat of the Government, and ravaged the stately manor houses of Livingston and other aristocratic republicans, the Englishman returned to New York, and left Burgoyne unassisted in his perilous position.

He had now only five days rations for his army, and not a spot where he could hold a council of officers in safety. On the 13th he called them together to consider their desperate condition, and there "General Burgoyne solemnly declared, that no one but himself should answer for the situation in which the army found itself." Three questions were then submitted for their consideration. "1st. Whether military history furnished any example of an army having capitulated under similar circumstances. 2d. Whether the capitulation of an army placed in such a situation would be disgraceful. 3d. Whether the army was actually in such a situation as to be obliged to capitulate." These were answered in the affirmative, and there was an unanimous declaration in favor of capitulation. The terms of surrender were then discussed. A messenger was sent to Gen. Gates, who agreed to an immediate armistice. A meeting of officers to represent the commanders of the respective armies, was arranged to take place on the spot where Gen. Schuyler's house had stood.

There seemed a poetic justice in this, considering the magnanimous spirit of Schuyler, the relentless destruction of Burgoyne, and the humiliation of the destroyer on the site of the ruin he had wrought.

The terms proposed by Burgoyne required that his army, upon its surrender, should be marched to Boston, and from there be shipped to England. Gates refused this proposition, and demanded an unconditional surrender as prisoners of war. Burgoyne rejected these terms indignantly.

The armistice ceased. Burgoyne prepared for the worst.

Gates now heard of Sir Henry Clinton at the Highlands. His fears were aroused; he despatched a message to Burgoyne, in which he agreed to almost every article of the first proposition. Burgoyne gave his assent to these terms. Some further negotiations were in progress in regard to points of minor importance. News of Sir Henry Clinton's expedition now reached Burgoyne. Again delusive hopes awoke in his heart. He hurriedly called his officers together to consider whether they could honorably withdraw from the agreement to surrender. It was decided that honor held them fast, although the papers were not signed. On the 17th of October the capitulation, or convention, as Burgoyne stipulated it should be called, received the signatures of the two commanders, Gates and Burgoyne.

The British army were now marched out of their camps, under their own officers, to a plain near old Fort Hardy, where the Fish kill empties into the Hudson. Here, in the presence of only one American, an aide-de-camp of Gates, they laid down their arms. Generals Burgoyne, Riedesel and Phillips now passed over the Fish kill to the head-quarters of Gates, who rode out to meet them, accompanied by his aids. When they met, Burgoyne said, "The fortunes of war, General, have made me your prisoner," to which Gates replied, "I shall ever be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency."

The American army were drawn up in ranks on either side of the road. The whole army of British prisoners, preceded by a guard bearing the stars and stripes, and a band playing Yankee Doodle, were marched between the files of their victors.

Gates and Burgoyne stood contemplating the scene. In the presence of both armies, General Burgoyne stepped out, and drawing his sword from its scabbard, presented it to General Gates; he received it, and silently returned it to the vanquished General.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE GROUND

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A VISIT TO THE BATTLE GROUND

I.

"America is the Old rather than the New World, being the first-born among the continents;" when

"Earth was young and keeping holiday—
Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain."

It is a pleasant morning late in June. One of those ineffable days that belong to this month in the region of country lying along the south-eastern foot of the Adirondacks; that "angle between the great northern and western war-paths" of the past that followed "the encircling chain of almost a thousand miles of living waters that surround Northern New York." In this atmosphere are combined the freshness of the mountains, the mellowness of the plains, the healthfulness of the pines. In the heart of this region, on the edge of the Laurentian rocks of the world's first continent, sits the village of Saratoga Springs, drawing to herself, magnet-like, the men and women of many nations; attracting them by various properties, yet pouring forth to all alike the treasures of her wonderful chemical laboratory, and clothing all in new vigor with her mountain-freighted atmosphere.

On the western piazza of one of her famous hotels, the United States, are numerous groups of visitors. Miss Kate Van Eyck, a blooming blonde of twenty; Miss Pelham, her young friend, graceful

and fashionable, recently returned from Europe; and Mrs. Harris, a middle-aged, youthful looking widow, sit loungingly near the piazza railing, their books and fancy-work lying neglected in their laps. Mr. Winship, a young lawyer from Boston, enjoying his short vacation, leans against a column, gazing absently at Miss Van Eyck; Judge Van Eyck, her father, "a true Knickerbocker in the fullest sense of the word," approaches with a firm, even tread, suggestive of dignity, self-reliance, and exactness of character.

Judge Van Eyck, as he draws up a chair and sits down: "Well, ladies, do we go the battle-field to-day? it is a glorious morning, and I am already inspired with some patriotic emotions. I find there is nothing like a little leisure to allow the sentiments to expand—with the help of an entertaining book. I must thank you, Mrs. Harris, for my re-awakened interest in the glories of my country."

Mrs. Harris: "How is that, Judge; was it the shabby little volume I loaned you yesterday?"

Judge Van Eyck: "Yes; I always find these impromptu journals of army officers the most delightful kind of history. They photograph the scene on the spot, quite a different process from your elaborate painting, such as the historian of the future gives, filled with imaginary figures, and diffused with an atmosphere of his own ideas and opinions. It is re-

freshly real to find these young English lords of '76, Captains and Lieutenants, calling us rebels, and predicting our speedy annihilation."

Mrs. Harris: "Some of them were unconsciously elegant writers; but have you read any of the journals and travels written by Hessian officers who were with the British army? They are charming; the simplicity, quaintness and truth with which they describe the country and the people are incomparable."

Miss Van Eyck: "O, Mrs. Harris! do tell father that delightful story about the German poet."

Mr. Winship, drawing near: "What do I hear about a poet, Miss Van Eyck?"

Miss Pelham: "Of course Kate has found a poetic element in the subject under discussion; she is so romantic."

Mr. Winship: "I am glad to hear Miss Van Eyck is romantic. I thought her eminently practical."

Miss Van Eyck: "I protest against being discussed before my face, and if we are going to the battle field, we had better start; but I don't want to go to day. I thought I knew all about the battle of Saratoga, and I have just discovered that I know nothing. Mrs. Harris is a perfect encyclopedia, and I know she will tell me all about it, if we wait a few days; won't you, Mrs. Harris? Why should we hurry, father?"

Judge Van Eyck: "I am in no hurry, Kate; you know I promised that while here I would obey your orders, but the other ladies may prefer to go now; decide it among yourselves."

Miss Pelham: "Dear me, Kate; you do not expect to know all the history and details concerning places you visit,

do you? I tried the guide-books in Europe, and found them detestable. I think if you have a general idea that something wonderful has happened at a place, that is sufficient to excite an agreeable interest. It's an awful drag to try to remember the names of kings and generals who were on this side, and who on that—it interferes with the sentiment; now you like sentiment, why bother about facts."

Miss Van Eyck: "Which means, I suppose, that you do not wish our trip deferred."

Miss Pelham: "O no, not at all; one day will suit me as well as another, but I am thinking how I will dispose of the time while you and Mrs. Harris are talking history. I must go in search of a new novel."

Mrs. Harris: "You forget, Miss Fanny, that I have made no promise yet, and Kate's jest about my knowledge is no guarantee that I have the information necessary to bore you. I do not half believe in your avowed preference for ignorance, however, and I have no doubt but you will assist in recalling the men and events that give historic interest to the old battle ground."

Miss Van Eyck: "What was the name of that German officer you were telling me about?"

Mrs. Harris: "His name was Seume, and he was not an officer, which gives additional interest to his trials and hardships; he bore them with philosophical endurance, or rather an easy indifference. His comrades, the German common soldiers, employed by the British, were ignorant, coarse and degraded, mere slaves of the petty despots who

ruled them ; yet there must undoubtedly have been an occasional individual like Scume himself, who possessed education and refinement. The officers were entirely of this class, and more than that, they all belonged to the nobility, and were among the most accomplished gentlemen of Europe."

Mr. Winship: "Why, Mrs. Harris! you astonish me; are you not mistaken? Surely the Hessians employed against us were universally a gross, thieving, degraded set of wretches. I did not suppose a word could be said in their favor. Even their own countryman, Frederick the Great, taxed them like so many head of cattle for the privilege of passing over his territory. Certainly, he intended by this to show his disgust for the enterprise in which they were engaged, and his contempt for their rulers."

Judge Van Eyck: "I fear we cannot give Frederick credit for these noble sentiments. He was the last man likely to sympathize with the cause for which the Americans contended. He was simply angry and jealous that the troops he had been in the habit of hiring for his own purposes, for a trifling sum of money, were now let out at a high price, thus raising their market value, and he determined to appropriate a part of the profit to himself."

Mr. Winship: "Really, one is tempted to throw all histories into the fire, when discovering the false impressions received from them. I begin to think that it is not worth while to read history at all. I believe I have never felt my sympathies and opinions fully in accord with people or events in the past, that I have

not afterward had my whole theory about them upset, and my facts questioned."

Judge Van Eyck: "Yes, sir; you will generally find this to be the case, which only proves that we have no right to theories or feelings in regard to historical persons and events. We must sift out the facts as well as we can, and look upon them as abstract facts alone."

Miss Van Eyck: "Indeed, father, you know that cannot be done—and that you certainly do not do it; you have the strongest kind of likes and dislikes. You must remember how you defend Gen. Schuyler; and as to Gen. Gates, I think you talk dreadfully about him, considering he was one of the Revolutionary heroes."

Mrs. Harris: "You are all wandering very far away from my young German student, although I find I have really very little to tell you about him. He was a youth of brilliant poetic talent, and an eager student; was on his way from the university at Leipsic, to Paris, where he would soon complete his course of study, when he was suddenly seized by a recruiting officer, and driven like a slave to the nearest military post. Yet so little idea had the men of that time of their individual rights, that it does not seem to have occurred to him to make even a protest against such an outrage. Imagine an ardent, refined young man forced from place to place, and finally plunged into the depths of one of those horrible ships that transported the German troops from England to Canada. Their Landgrave sent them to England, almost des-

titute of clothing ; contracts were made with Englishmen to supply them, and the boxes of clothing were not opened until the ships had sailed, when it was discovered that much of it was utterly worthless—some of the cases contained ladies' shoes, and other things equally appropriate."

Miss Pelham: "O, let us suppose that the dainty young poet could wear a pair of the ladies' shoes—who knows but he may have had a mantilla and parasol, too!"

Mr. Winship: "Why, yes; what an alleviation of his sufferings. If he could not wear them, he could hang them up, and apostrophize them in melodious lines."

Miss Van Eyck: "I think you are most unfeeling to ridicule a man in such a position. I suppose the poor fellow had not even a book to distract his mind from his miseries."

Mrs. Harris: "He seemed to look upon his misfortune as an inevitable fate, and to adopt it as a sort of Bohemianism. Upon his return to Germany, he wrote an autobiography."

Miss Van Eyck: "Was it there you found that curious description of the uniform of the American soldiers and officers?"

Mrs. Harris: "No; that was in the 'Briefwechsel,' where the letter of a German officer says that some of the American officers, quite in contrast to their simple dress, wore large, powdered wigs, for which the soldiers felt the most profound reverence. But many of these German accounts are full of serious matter, that will probably be an efficient guide through some of the intricacies of

the Saratoga campaign, as the German view of it is quite different from either the British or American."

Judge Van Eyck: "I suppose we have that in the Memoirs of Madame Riedesel, and the journals of her husband, translated some years ago by Mr. Stone."

Mrs. Harris: "Yes; that is one of the most entertaining accounts of Burgoyne's Campaign that can be found. I have written a sketch of the Baroness, drawn from that book and other sources, which I have promised to lend Kate."

Miss Pelham, rising: "It is time for me to go the Clarendon Spring for my tonic water, and I shall stop at the bookstore for a novel. Won't you go, Kate?"

Mr. Winship: "Will you all go to the bowling alley, and have a game of tenpins?"

Miss Van Eyck: "O, yes! I want to retaliate on father and Mrs. Harris; they shall not beat us so badly again."

They saunter through the broad hall and down the front steps of the hotel, the ladies raise their sunshades, and without further preparation continue their walk to the spring. Miss Pelham, Miss Van Eyck and Mr. Winship in advance, talking with animation upon some subject not historical. Mrs. Harris and the Judge stray slowly on behind them, still interested in the subject that has occupied them during the morning.

Judge Van Eyck: "I have read the memoir of Madame Riedesel. I was charmed with the Baroness; her intelligence and refinement, as well as her devotion to her husband and children, are remarkable. With what vividness and skill she pictures the events passing

around her, and with what *naïveté* she relates the most trifling incidents of her own experience!"

Mrs. Harris: "Yes; that is the very thing that gives such reality to her account of the campaign, and the long captivity that followed. By the way, Judge, do you not think it was rather disgraceful in our Congress to refuse to ratify the terms of the convention signed at Saratoga? Certainly Burgoyne and his officers had reason to feel aggrieved, although the English Government bore it very quietly. I believe that Washington urged upon Congress their obligation to confirm the terms of the convention."

Judge Van Eyck: "Yes, he did; and however it might be regretted that Gates' weakness, and Burgoyne's firmness had fixed the terms as they were, it has seemed to me there was no honorable course for Congress to pursue but to confirm them. Yet we must remember that there were many minor points which may have weighed with them, and are not apparent to us. It is said that La Fayette's influence prevailed in the matter. He was interested for the French Government, wishing to prevent the use of Burgoyne's army against France, as war was impending between that country and England."

Mrs. Harris: "I remember now having read somewhere that he urged, as a precedent for disregarding the articles of the convention, the surrender of the Duke of Cumberland at Kloster Seven, on which occasion the terms of capitulation were ignored by the English."

Judge Van Eyck: "Burgoyne himself did obtain leave to go back to England, although he was unsuccessful in securing the return of the army."

Mrs. Harris: "I always feel a profound sympathy for him on that return trip. Although we cannot say, as the poet does of one of the kings of England, that 'he never smiled again,' it is known that, even after he was exculpated from censure by Parliament, when he enjoyed great social distinction, and was flattered and applauded in consequence of the success of his drama, 'The Heiress,' that 'the shadow of Saratoga always rested on his brow.' The buoyancy and zest of his aspirations were destroyed by a stroke of the pen that signed his humiliation and General Gates' triumph. One thing has occurred to me, Judge, as rather remarkable since I have read something of the private lives of these officers of the invading army. They all seem to have been model husbands; even Burgoyne, who was considered a gay, pleasure-loving *dilettante*, treated his wife with tender devotion and an unlimited confidence and deference."

Judge Van Eyck: "Did he not elope with her? I think she was an Earl's daughter."

Mrs. Harris: "Which proves there was a romantic attachment to begin with; this ripened into a life-long affection, and her family became not only reconciled to Burgoyne, but were devoted to his interests ever afterwards. You will remember that Gen. Frazer spoke pathetically of his wife in his dying moments; Major Ackland reciprocated the devotion of Lady Ackland, and Gen. Riedesel was a veritable lover to the Baroness. The young people are waiting for us; we must win another victory over them."

II.

It is afternoon. Judge Van Eyck and Mr. Winship are enjoying their cigars and the New York papers in the gentlemen's reading room. The ladies of their party have retired to their cottage, in the south wing of the great hotel, and disposed themselves for an afternoon rest. Miss Pelham lies on the bed, turning over lazily the pages of her new novel. Mrs. Harris, on the sofa in the parlor, is lost in one of those short, profound naps that assist in preserving the freshness of ladies on the shady side of forty. Miss Van Eyck has drawn a large easy chair to the window; she opens the manuscript which Mrs. Harris has given her, and reads a sketch of

THE BARONESS RIEDESEL IN AMERICA

On the 11th of June, 1777, in the harbor of Quebec, a ship, just arrived from England, cast anchor. On its deck stood the Baroness Riedesel with her three young children, Gustava, Frederika and Caroline; her faithful maid, Lena, who had followed her from Germany, and another she had hired in England. There the Baroness had been obliged to remain nearly a year, waiting for a suitable transport to Canada; that new land, where her thoughts and desires were constantly drawing her towards the gallant husband who had parted from her in grief, and now, she was sure, awaited her arrival with anxiety and joy. Gazing wistfully towards the shore she thought, "scarcely one short hour, and his arms will encircle me."

At this moment the booming of guns from all the ships in the harbor, firing a salute in honor of her arrival, increased

her excitement; tears of hope and joy streamed from her beautiful blue eyes, she clasped the little Caroline more closely to her breast, while Gustava and Frederika danced about her, wild with delight, in anticipation of a release from the long confinement of eight weeks on board ship. Their demonstrations of joy increased, when they saw a boat, "containing twelve sailors, dressed in white, with silver helmets and green sashes," approaching the ship to carry them ashore. With it came letters from Gen. Riedesel, informing his wife that he had been unable to await her arrival at Quebec, and had started on the summer campaign with General Burgoyne. Here was a bitter disappointment, but this gentle, resolute woman gave little time to unavailing regrets. Only remaining in Quebec long enough to dine with the wife of General Carleton, and without resting from the fatigues of the long sea voyage, on the evening of the same day the Baroness, with her family, embarked in a small boat and proceeded up the St. Lawrence, hoping to overtake her husband, and spend at least a few hours with him. It was a beautiful moonlight night; they were accompanied by a splendid band of music. Mingled emotions of disappointment and anticipation stirred the sensitive heart of the wife and mother as they glided on so weirdly over the waters of the broad, strange river. The children, wearied with the excitement and novelty of the day, soon feel asleep. At midnight they were awakened, and prepared for a long ride across the country. Three light calashes were provided for them.

"I could not," says the Baroness,

"bring my heart to trust a single one of my children to my women servants; and as our calashes were open and very small, I bound my second daughter, Frederika, fast in one corner; took the youngest, little Caroline, on my lap; while my oldest, Gustava, as the most discreet, sat between my feet on my purse. As I had no time to lose, if I would overtake my husband, I promised a reward to the servants if they would drive very fast, and consequently we went as quickly as vehicles and horses would allow." She rode in this way until the following afternoon, when she made the passage of the Three Rivers in a light canoe, made of bark. At one end of this frail boat the Baroness sat with her three children in her lap, while her servants balanced it at the other end. The boatmen told her that the slightest movement would overturn the canoe. This frightened little Frederika, who screamed, and tried to jump up. The Baroness, therefore, had to hold her firmly while she continued to scream with great terror. They proceeded in this painful manner until they reached the village of Three Rivers.

At this place the Hessian troops had been in winter quarters, and General Riedesel had left a house prepared for the reception of his family. The distress of the Baroness was increased by the surrounding manifestations of the affectionate care and forethought of her absent husband, in providing for her comfort. The enthusiastic affection and respect with which he was spoken of by the friends he had left here, at once consoled and afflicted her, since she was told that he had been quite sick, and was not yet recovered, and that his illness had

been increased by his solicitude for her during the long voyage—rumors having reached him of disasters at sea, that he feared might have robbed him of his little family. The Grand Vicar of the village, sympathizing with her anxiety to join her husband, loaned her a covered calash in which she immediately resumed her journey in pursuit of the advancing army. The weather was exceedingly stormy, and the road difficult and rugged, but she still pushed forward with impatient eagerness. She says, "this vehicle went so rapidly that I could scarcely recover my breath, in addition to which I was so jostled about (as I was constantly obliged to hold my children) that I was completely beaten to pieces. I was obliged at every post station to stretch out my arms and walk around a little to render my joints more limber." How touching a picture is this! A delicate, refined woman, accustomed only to the comfort, luxury and shelter of an old civilization, in a circle of devoted relations and friends, encountering the hardships of the wilderness—self-reliant, courageous, persevering—not for one moment forgetting or neglecting the babes who are dependent on her tenderness, even while her whole soul is absorbed in that intensity of wifely love and devotion that renders her regardless of fatigue, pain, and repeated disappointment. If we are moved with enthusiasm in recalling the valor and self-forgetfulness of the soldier in the service of his country—on the wearying march, and amid the carnage of the field—may we not be equally stirred at a manifestation of heroic endurance and self-abnegation in an exercise of the most sublime of human emotions? The

love that out-strips time, space, obstacles—that endures, waits, yearns, labors for the beloved one, and never wearies, never flags, but grows, strengthens and expands until lost in the immortal love of the hereafter! Is this mere high-flown sentiment—are these words for romancers and poets? We need no other answer than a glance at the tired, eager face of this woman, who only typifies a class upon whom the world gazes with blind eyes.

A messenger had been dispatched in advance to inform General Riedesel of the approach of his wife; he started immediately to meet her; unfortunately as he advanced upon one road, he passed her upon another, and thus by one of those unpropitious chances that often set united efforts at cross purposes, was the union of these anxious hearts still further delayed. Arrived at Chambly, the place from which he had started, the Baroness was advised to await his return. She says, “my children and my faithful Rachel kept a constant watch on the high road, that they might bring me news of my husband’s arrival. Finally a calash was descried, having a Canadian in it. I saw from a distance the calash stop still; the Canadian got out, came nearer, and folded the children in his arms. It was my husband! As he still had the fever, he was clothed (though it was summer) in a sort of cassock of woolen cloth, bordered with ribbons, and to which was attached a variegated fringe of blue and red, after the Canadian fashion of the country. My joy was beyond all description, but the sick and feeble appearance of my husband terrified me, and a little disheartened me. I

found both my elder daughters in tears. Gustava for joy at again seeing her father, and little Frederika because she saw him in this plight. For this reason she would not go to him at all, but said, “No, no, this is not my papa; my papa is pretty.” “The very moment, however, that he threw off his Canadian coat, she tenderly embraced him.” How graphically the wife describes the emotions of her children—how little she says for herself. “It was my husband! My joy was beyond all description,” and again: “We remained with each other two happy days.” How inadequate to depict the emotions of the heart are all outward expressions! Months, years of deferred hope may find their culmination in a few hours of joy; a lifetime of unselfish motives, of persistent effort, its reward in a few days of rest, a few moments of delight. Yet how may we give utterance to the fullness of joy, the beatitude of culminated hopes!

General Riedesel informed his wife that she could not accompany the army at that time, and that it would be necessary for her to return to Three Rivers, and await the development of events. The confidence of an assured love, the satisfaction of a mutual appreciation may alleviate the hours of separation, but the heart rebels, and we grieve with the loving wife, who says: “I was forced, to my great sorrow, to go back to Three Rivers. I suffered yet more upon witnessing the departure of the troops against the enemy, while I, with my children, was obliged, alone and deserted, to return and live in a strange land, among unknown people. Sorrowful, and very much cast down, I travelled back. What a difference between this journey

and that which I had made a little while before ! This time I did not move so quickly ; for at every post station, which removed me further from him I loved, my heart was torn open afresh."

A few weeks were passed by Madame Riedesel at the little village of Three Rivers, where with discretion and amiability she adapted herself to the people around her, and found the contentment that ever follows such efforts. In the meantime the British and German forces had swept on victoriously past Ticonderoga, Fort Independence, and Skenesborough. Major Ackland had been wounded at Hubbardton, and his wife was allowed to join him. As soon as this permission was granted, General Burgoyne, bearing in remembrance his own tender solicitude for his lamented wife, thoughtfully turned to General Riedesel, and said : "Your wife shall come too, General ; despatch Captain Willoe to escort her at once."

Captain Willoe soon arrived at Three Rivers, when the Baroness and her family once more joyfully embarked in a small boat, accompanied by another one containing the soldiers, baggage and provisions. The first night they were obliged to land on a small island—the second boat, being heavily laden, had fallen far behind. The little family were without supper and candles or other comforts. A deserted hut was found, containing some bushes, upon which shawls were spread, and the little ones were induced to lie down to rest. During the night they were frequently disturbed by strange sounds and sudden lights, which could be seen through the chinks of the cabin. At breakfast, which was spread upon a

stone for a table, Madame Riedesel asked the Captain what had caused the alarming sights and sounds. He admitted that he had discovered, when too late to make a change, that this was Rattlesnake Island, so called because a very great number of these reptiles infested the place. He had tried by the unusual sights and sounds to keep them at a distance.

Upon hearing this, the breakfast was hurried, and they left the island as quickly as possible, arriving at St. John's soon after. Here they took passage in larger boats, and had a prosperous and beautiful trip through Lake Champlain and the transparent waters of Lake George. The magnificent scenery was a constant source of delight to the cultivated taste and pure mind of the Baroness, whose happy anticipations were in harmony with the joyous spirit of summer, that seemed to vivify this lovely region with the breath of a living beauty. As the boat drifted near the shores of the picture-like islands, the delicate colors of the varied wild flowers, and the full-throated carol of the fearless birds, entranced her ; and again, in the midst of the broad lake, the grandeur of the primitive forests, the largeness of vision granted by the rarified atmosphere, the rounded, verdant mountains, and the shadowed valleys inspired a depth of thought and gratitude that subdued the impatient eagerness of all purely human affections.

The little family traveled on pleasantly, the children reflecting the happiness of the mother ; they soon reached Fort Edward, where Burgoyne's army was then encamped. They were re-

ceived with unbounded delight by General Riedesel, and warmly welcomed by the commanding officers. Immediately after this, communication was cut off with Canada, and the Baroness congratulated herself greatly on having been able to join her husband, as otherwise she would have been separated from him during all the years of his captivity. Upon her arrival, a room was assigned her at headquarters in the Red House; "and here," says the Baroness, "I had the joy of spending three happy weeks in the greatest tranquility. We had a very pleasant life. The surrounding country was magnificent; and we were encircled by the encampments of the English and German troops. The weather was beautiful, and we often took our meals under the trees." She and her children endeared themselves greatly to all the military household. This interest continued through the hardships of the following weeks; and many brave men felt their hearts stirred with sympathy and tenderness towards these gentle beings, who seemed like lovely flowers tossed hither and thither on the tempestuous waves of war.

On the 11th of September, the army moved slowly forward over an obstructed pathway, and thus were the little family often weary and hungry with waiting during the day, and exhausted and sleepy long before they could stop at night. Madame Riedesel says: "We made only small day's marches, and were very often sick; yet always contented at being allowed to follow. I had still the satisfaction of daily seeing my husband. In the beginning all went well. We cherished the sweet hope of a sure victory, and of coming into the 'promised land;' and when we passed the Hudson river, and General Burgoyne said, 'The English never lose ground,' our spirits were greatly exhilarated."

After the battle of the 19th of September, and while the British were encamped near Freeman's Farm, Madame Riedesel, with her family, occupied Taylor's house, a mile or two north of the encampment. General Riedesel's headquarters were a long ride from Taylor's. Madame Riedesel daily visited the camp, and sometimes took breakfast or dinner with her husband, but more frequently he came, accompanied by other officers, to dine with her. Colonel Williams of the artillery, noticing the fatigue to which these visits subjected General Riedesel and his wife, offered to build a block-house for her near the camp. She gladly accepted his offer. It was built of heavy logs, and would form a comfortable shelter from the autumn chilliness. General Riedesel was still suffering from the effects of fever, and the Baroness says: "I was to remove into it the following day, and was the more rejoiced at it as the nights were already damp and cold, and my husband could live in it with me, as he then would be near the camp. Suddenly, however, on the 7th of October, my husband, with the whole general staff, decamped. Our misfortunes may be said to date from this moment. I had just sat down with my husband at his quarters to breakfast. General Frazer, and I believe Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, were to have dined with me on the same day. I observed considerable movement among the troops. On my way homeward, I met many savages in their

war dress, armed with guns—they cried out ‘War! war!’ This completely overwhelmed me, and I had scarcely got back to my quarters, when I heard skirmishing and firing, which by degrees became constantly heavier, until finally the noises were frightful. It was a terrible cannonade, and I was more dead than alive. About three o’clock in the afternoon, in place of the guests who were to have dined with me, they brought to me, upon a litter, poor General Frazer (one of my expected guests), mortally wounded. Our dining table, which was already spread, was taken away, and in its place they fixed up a bed for the General. I sat in a corner of the room, trembling and quaking, lest my husband should be brought to me in the same manner. Prayers were read to General Frazer, after which he sent a message to General Burgoyne, begging that he would have him buried in the great redoubt on the hill.

“I knew not which way to turn, the whole entry and other rooms were filled with sick. Finally, towards evening, I saw my husband coming, upon which I forgot all my sufferings, and thanked God that he had been spared to me. He ate in great haste with me and his adjutant, behind the house. We had been told we had gained an advantage over the enemy, but the sorrowful and downcast faces which I beheld bore witness to the contrary; and before my husband went away again, he drew me to one side, and said that things might go very badly, and I must keep myself in constant readiness for departure, but to give no one the least inkling of what I was doing. I, therefore, pretended that I wanted to

move into my new house the next morning, and had everything packed up.

“My Lady Ackland occupied a tent not far from our house. In this she slept, but during the day was in the camp. Suddenly one came to tell her that her husband was mortally wounded, and had been taken prisoner. At this she became very wretched, for she loved him very much. She was the loveliest of women. I spent the night in this manner; at one time comforting her, and at another looking after my children, whom I had put to bed. General Frazer and all the other gentlemen were in my room, and I was constantly afraid that my children would wake up and cry, and thus disturb the poor dying man, who often sent to beg my pardon for making me so much trouble. At eight o’clock in the morning he expired. * * About four o’clock in the afternoon, I saw the new house which had been built for me in flames; the enemy, therefore, were not far from us.”

When describing General Frazer’s funeral, she says: “Many cannon balls also flew not far from me, but I had my eyes fixed upon the hill, where I distinctly saw my husband in the midst of the enemy’s fire, and, therefore, I could not think of my own danger.”

Burgoyne, after describing the solemnity of this scene, and the steadiness of the officiating clergyman who was “frequently covered with dust which the shot threw up on all sides of him,” thus apostrophises his friend: “To the canvas, and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory! There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress,

and their period, find due distinction ; and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten ! ”

Immediately after the funeral a retreat was ordered. Madame Riedesel entered her calash with her children and maids, and traveled the whole night in a pouring rain. The strictest silence was enjoined lest the enemy should discover the retreat. Little Frederika had become so nervous and frightened by the painful events of the day, that her tears and screams could not be restrained, and her mother was obliged to hold a pocket handkerchief over her mouth to prevent her cries from being heard. At six o'clock in the morning a halt was made. General Riedesel came up, and being greatly exhausted, dismounted from his horse, and sat in the calash, soon falling asleep with his head on his wife's shoulder. His little daughter now became very docile and quiet, reassured by the presence of her father, whom she loved dearly ; she could easily understand how he would be disturbed, though rebellious against the military order for silence. The drenching rain continued through this whole day, which was spent without shelter. Several officers brought Madame Riedesel their watches, rings and purses, requesting her to take care of them. She promised to do so, and afterwards found them a source of much anxiety to her. The Baroness says that during this halt, one of her maids “did nothing, cursed her situation, and tore out her hair. I entreated her,” she continues, “to compose herself, or else she would be taken for a savage. Upon this she became still more frantic, and

tore her bonnet off her head, letting her hair hang down over her face, and said : “You talk well ! You have your husband ! But we having nothing to look forward to, but dying miserably on the one hand, or losing all we possess on the other ! ” To quiet her, I promised to make good all her losses. My good Lena, though much frightened, said nothing.”

At night they moved on about half an hour's march, and camped at old Saratoga. Here a good fire was built, the children were warmed, wrapped in dry clothing, and laid upon some straw near the fire to sleep. While sitting near them, distressed and exhausted, General Phillips came up, and she asked him why the retreat was not continued. “Poor woman,” answered he, “I am amazed at you ; completely wet through, have you still the courage to wish to go further in this weather ! ” On the next morning the Baroness says : “The greatest misery and utmost disorder prevailed in the army. The commissaries had forgotten to distribute provisions. More than thirty officers came to me who could endure the pangs of hunger no longer. I had coffee and tea made for them, and divided among them all the provisions with which my carriage was filled. We had a cook, who, although an arrant knave, was fruitful in expedients, and often in the night would steal from the country people, sheep, poultry, and pigs, which he afterwards sold to us for a high price—a circumstance that we only learned a long time afterward.”

In the afternoon cannonading was heard, and everything was in confusion. The Baroness with her family hurried

into the calash, and drove to a house near by. As she arrived at the door she saw some men at a distance leveling their guns towards this spot ; she threw her children into the bottom of the calash, and herself over them ; at the same moment a soldier just behind her had his arm shattered by one of these balls. She hurriedly entered the house which the Americans supposed to be occupied by the Generals ; a heavy fire was directed towards it. Madame Riedesel and her family took refuge in the cellar. Here, during the whole night, she sat upon the floor, while the terrified children hid their heads in her lap. The sound of cannon balls crashing through the walls of the house above, the cries of the children, the stench of the sick and wounded who had crowded in, and above all, the uncertainty of her husband's fate, contributed to the suffering and anguish of this horrible night. "Yet in this terrible den of affliction, this extraordinary woman preserved her courage and compassion." When the morning came, she prevailed upon all to leave the cellar, until she could have it cleaned and fumigated ; in the meantime she placed the little girls under the cellar stairs, as she feared to trust them a moment from her presence.

When the cellar was cleaned, and the door opened for the women and the wounded to enter, a great rush forward was made by a crowd of frightened and desperate soldiers who had fled from the camp, and now sought a place of safety. The Baroness and her children were in danger of being crushed and overwhelmed ; she, however, with great resolution

and calmness, stood in the doorway, and spreading out her arms, firmly commanded the men to stand back. They shrank away ashamed. The helpless ones were then brought in.

Major Harnage, who was wounded, with his wife, and Mrs. Reynell, whose husband had been killed the day before, curtained off a corner of the cellar, and wished to arrange another corner for the Baroness. She preferred to stay near the door, where she thought she could more readily save her children in case of fire, and where she could the more easily slip out during the night to see if the camp fires were still burning. She was in constant fear that the army would make a hasty retreat, and leave her behind ; she had a great dread of falling into the hands of the Americans. She lived in this dreadful way for six days, and during this time "acted the part of an angel of comfort and help to the sufferers around her. She was ready to perform every friendly service, even those from which the tender mind of woman will recoil. By her energy she restored order from chaos, and the soldiers obeyed her more readily than their commanding officers."

General Riedesel's horse was kept constantly saddled for her to mount in case of a sudden retreat. Three of the wounded officers, who were resolved not to be left as prisoners, swore to the Baroness that in case of a retreat, they each would take one of her children before him on his horse, and assist her in her flight. They were very fond of the little girls, and often endeavored to quiet their fears. One of the officers could bleat like a calf, and bellow like a cow. When

Frederika would wake up in the night and cry, he often mimicked these animals, when she would laugh heartily, and thus reassured, fall asleep again.

They suffered greatly for water, as the Americans would not allow the British to approach the river, but picked off with their well aimed rifles every man who attempted it. A soldier's wife was found, however, who undertook this service, and the Baroness was much impressed by the conduct of the Americans in leaving her unmolested on account of her sex.

On the 17th of October the army capitulated.

After the generals of the conquered army had been received by General Gates, a message was sent to the Baroness, asking her to join her husband in the American camp. Once more she entered the calash that had carried her so many weary miles. Trembling and anxious at the thought of going among strange people in so trying a position, she drove up to the headquarters of the American General. "Here," says she, "a noble looking man approached us and took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. 'You tremble,' said he; 'fear nothing.' 'No,' replied I, 'for you are so kind, and have been so tender toward my children, that it has inspired me with courage.'" He was General Philip Schuyler. "He then led her to the tent of General Gates, where they found Generals Phillips and Burgoyne, and the latter said to her: "You may now dismiss all your apprehensions, for your sufferings are at an end." General Schuyler then took her

and her children to his own tent, where he entertained them with considerate hospitality. In the evening he sent an officer to accompany her to Albany. She was kindly received at his house by Mrs. Schuyler and her daughters, where she remained three days. Upon leaving this hospitable mansion, the Baroness Riedesel, with her husband and children, entered upon the vicissitudes and trials of their long captivity. They traveled with the captured army by land to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where they remained several months, expecting from time to time to embark for England; when Congress finally refused to ratify the convention of Saratoga, they journeyed again by land to the interior of Virginia, where they put up temporary houses, made gardens, and domesticated themselves as they could in their trying position. Before starting for Virginia, Madame Riedesel gives the following account of the preservation of the German flags: "Now I was forced to consider how I should safely carry the colors of our German regiments still further, as we had made the Americans at Saratoga believe that they were burnt up—a circumstance which they at first took in bad part, though afterwards they tacitly overlooked it. But it was only the staves that had been burned, the colors having been thus far concealed. Now my husband confided to me this secret, and entrusted me with their still further concealment. I, therefore, shut myself in with a right honorable tailor, who helped me make a mattress in which we sewed every one of them. Captain O'Connell, under pretence of some errand, was sent to New York, and passed the mattress

off as his bed. He sent it to Halifax, where we again found it on our passage from New York to Canada, and where—in order to ward off all suspicion in case our ship should be taken—I transferred it into my cabin, and slept during the whole of the remaining voyage to Canada upon these honorable badges.”

Upon Madame Riedesel's return to Europe, and to Brunswick, she says: “I found our entire family mansion in the same order as I had left it on my departure to America. * * About a week afterwards, I had the great satisfaction of seeing my husband, with his own troops, pass through the city. Yes, those very streets in which, eight and a half years before, I had lost my joy and happiness, were the ones where I now saw this beautiful and soul-stirring spectacle. It is beyond my power to describe my emotions on beholding my beloved, my upright husband, who the whole time had lived solely for his duty, and who had been so unwearied in helping and assisting, as far as possible, those who had been entrusted to him, standing, with tears of joy in his eyes, in the midst of his soldiers.”

Thus we find this loving, this devoted wife, bearing the test of time and change, yet preserving the fervor, the freshness, and the enthusiasm of her love—an enduring crown of youth and beauty to ennoble and adorn the completeness of her womanhood.

Her daughter, the impetuous little Frederika, became one of the celebrated women of her day. She married the Count Reden, and was also on warm terms of friendship with Humboldt, Baron Stein, and many distinguished men,

for whom her house was a favorite resort. After her death, Frederick William, King of Prussia, caused a beautiful monument to be erected to her memory.

Kate Van Eyck drops the manuscript in her lap, her hands lie listlessly on the arms of the large chair, and she gazes dreamily out of the window.

Mrs. Harris: “Well, Kate, how do you like my heroine?”

Miss Van Eyck: “She is unreal. Do you think there is such devotion as her's in real life? I never saw it.”

Mrs. Harris: “You must believe without seeing, Kate. Romance is simply real life at a distance.”

Miss Van Eyck: “What do you mean?”

Mrs. Harris: “That we are living a romance, as the people of every age and every time have been. One hundred years hence, we will be seen through a misty atmosphere of sentiment and exaggeration that will idealize us and our time to the people of that day.”

Miss Pelham, coming from the back room: “Do lay history aside now, and let us discuss the dinner we are to have at the lake to-morrow. Did you hear, Mrs. Harris, that Colonel Shelby is expected from West Point this evening?”

Mrs. Harris: “Yes. He will be an agreeable addition to our party.”

The ladies are now busy with the affairs of the toilet, and soon pass out to the piazzas, fresh, composed and elegant, as cultivated women of ample means and honorable connections should be, near the close of a pleasant day, whose remaining hours will be devoted to rational pleasures.

Colonel Shelby arrives, and during the

evening it is arranged that they will all enjoy a trout dinner at the Lake House on the following afternoon. Judge Van Eyck gives orders to his coachman to go early in the morning, and order the dinner, to insure a good supply of the delicacies peculiar to the place.

III.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the landau, buggy and saddle horses carry our pleasure seekers from the "United States" past Congress Hall and the Grand Union. They sweep around the curve, guarded by the bronze sentinel of the "77th Volunteers," who stands ever watchful on his tall granite pedestal, and on past the great spring and the race-course, over the smooth, broad road that has been gradually widened and leveled, and lifted from the rugged, marshy path of the wilderness to the well-watered, evenly graded avenue, with its continuous sidewalk and tempting resting places. Colonel Shelby, a tall Virginian, rides with the easy grace of a Southerner and the precision of a West Point graduate, while Miss Van Eyck manages her restless horse Guido with equal confidence and skill. Ascending the last hill, they catch a glimpse of the romantic little Lake Lonely, once called Owl Ditch—a name equally significant, though less melodious. Quickening their speed as they reach the summit, they suddenly rein in their horses among the cluster of brilliant equipages at the Lake House. The whole party now alight, and stand on the lawn of the hill side, enjoying the beautiful view of Saratoga Lake, which lies stretched at their feet.

Miss Pelham: "How placid the lake is, and what a beautiful feature Snake Hill is in this view. I wonder it should have received such a name!"

Judge Van Eyck: "It was probably suggested by the number of rattlesnakes found there; they were once exceedingly numerous in all this region. I like such names—anything that indicates a fact or idea, absolutely connected with the place itself, is preferable to an affectation that applies classical or historical names to our new places."

Mrs. Harris: "There is an interesting Indian legend associated with Snake Hill. I will write it out for you some time, Kate."

While Mrs. Harris is speaking the dark-faced, white-aproned waiter announces dinner. They all repair to the shaded dining room, where, over a luxurious repast, they discuss trout and bass; the Adirondacks and the Thousand Islands, with the comparative pleasures and penalties of each—hunting, fishing and camping.

Miss Van Eyck: "Father, did you not tell me that General Schuyler of the Revolution was a famous hunter?"

Judge Van Eyck: "Yes; that was, perhaps, one reason why he had such influence with the Indians; there was not another in the province, except the Johnsons of "Johnson Hall," who could manage them so well. General Schuyler was appointed Indian Commissioner in 1775, and held that position until long after the Revolution. He was constantly called upon by both Congress and the State Government to conciliate or control the restless and influential tribes of the Six Nations. He was a capital shot and a

fine horseman, which seem to me to be incontestable proofs of his personal courage, which some prejudiced persons have called in question. Do you think, Colonel Shelby, that a man can handle a gun with ease and accuracy during a long life, and be always at home on a horse of high metal, and yet lack physical courage, especially if he has the principles and instincts of a gentleman, as all admit that General Schuyler had?’

Colonel Shelby, laughingly “Well, Judge, I believe General Gates was a high-toned gentleman in a certain sense, yet he is said to have been an arrant coward. He continually shirked danger, and at Camden ran like a fox when the hounds are in pursuit. I think, too, he was a good horseman.”

Mr Winship, warmly: “You are not justified in making such sweeping assertions in regard to General Gates. Unfortunately, by the force of circumstances, he became the rival of General Schuyler, who always showed a partizan spirit, and, like all narrow minded men, could only lead a clique. General Gates saved the campaign of ’77 at the North, and he cannot be stripped of his laurels. If he met with disasters at the South afterward, it is no more than other commanders have suffered, whose characters have not been questioned. He had no opportunity to retrieve himself after that defeat at Camden, but was immediately stripped of his command, which, you will remember, was given to General Greene.”

Colonel Shelby: “I beg your pardon, sir; I really have no feeling in this matter, and have expressed a stronger opinion than I entertain. I was but

quoting the statements of a leading New Yorker, who is familiar with these disputed points, and should know more about it than I do.”

Judge Van Eyck: “You were quite right, Colonel; it requires little investigation to learn that General Gates deserved all the censure he has received, and more. He was an infamous intriguer against General Washington, as well as against General Schuyler. His success at Saratoga brought into full blossom the seeds of his presumptuous aspirations. He made no report of the surrender there to the Commander-in-Chief. He sent it directly, and only, to Congress by Wilkinson, who was so long in delivering it that when Congress, overflowing with gratitude for his good tidings, voted him a sword, a shrewd Scotchman observed: ‘I think ye’ll better gie the lad a pair of spurs.’ You know General Gates’ connection with the ‘Conway Cabal,” do you not? If he was not its master spirit, he at least labored to gain the greatest possible advantage from its success. He had succeeded in supplanting Schuyler; he had robbed him of his ripening fame; had calumniated and degraded him, yet he considered this but a stepping stone to the main object of his ambition—the chief command of the whole army. The extent of his efforts and the support he received in Congress has never been made known, and never will be. The sessions of Congress were held with closed doors; the after success and continued popularity of Washington induced the members, who had opposed him and favored Gates to be very close-mouthed, while their colleagues of the other side were generous, and said nothing. It is well known

that Gates was constantly hanging about the doors of Congress; and you know, Colonel, that to this day the choice places are often secured by the officers who frequent the capitol, keep a sharp lookout for their own interests, and stimulate the ardor of their friends—human nature is ever the same.

"It was in the restless desire to elevate Gates that John Adams ridiculed the 'Fabian' policy of Washington; the promptings of Gates, then in consultation with Congressional friends, pushed on the bitter invectives against the unfortunate but faithful Generals of the North, when it was said in Congress: 'We must shoot a General before we can win a victory.' In one of the most trying hours of Washington's life, when he was giving orders for the famous passage of the Delaware, Gates failed him as usual, and made off to Baltimore, where Congress was then in session; and, according to Wilkinson, he spent the time on his journey criticizing Washington's plan for the winter campaign, and constructing one of his own, that, he said, it was his intention to propose to Congress. What sort of conduct was this for a military man, to leave the fighting behind him, and run after politicians; to criticize where he should have obeyed? Upon my word, I think it was a worse 'run' than the one at Camden, inasmuch as fear is a more inspiring motive than deliberate selfishness."

Mr. Winship: "You have brought a miscellaneous set of charges against General Gates, Judge, each of which would require a long explanation, but you must admit that he had some just

cause of complaint to Congress, and I suppose he had a right to present his grievances and try to obtain their redress. If Schuyler was superseded by him, was he not also superseded time and again. If he did not consider General Washington infallible, according to your own account, there were many who agreed with him, and surely some undue elation might be pardoned after such a triumph as that of Saratoga. The flattery and adulation he received in consequence of that might naturally have suggested the ambition you attribute to him, if there was already dissatisfaction with the chief of the army.

"After the Conway difficulty had been settled, all accounts agree in declaring that General Gates conducted himself with great dignity and propriety—as he did, in fact, on many trying occasions. Always in his intercourse with the British, and with the people of the country where his army was located, from time to time, he displayed wisdom and moderation. He was uncompromising in his adherence to the great principles of the revolution, and the respect accorded him by foreigners, who judged dispassionately of the men of those times, should save him from the petty attacks of partizan feeling."

Mrs. Harris: "Mr. Winship, how do you account for the singular conduct of General Gates in delaying, after the surrender of Saratoga, to reinforce Washington with the recruits that had been detached from the main army? General Morgan obtained permission from Gates to return in advance of the other division."

Mr. Winship: "General Gates had good reason for believing that a most advantageous movement could be made in this State——"

Miss Pelham, interrupting: "Was not Morgan one of the picturesque heroes—a sort of bandit? Bryant has written some verses about him, 'Our band is few, but true and tried.'"

Mrs. Harris, smiling: "The verses relate to Marion and his men. Morgan urged upon Gates the serious need of the commander-in-chief for the services of his corps, knowing as he did, that Washington had organized it for special purposes connected with his immediate command, and a reluctant consent was obtained from Gates to allow its departure in advance of the other regiments. Washington had written that the want of these troops from the North, embarrassed all his measures. He finally sent Colonel Hamilton to hasten them, and after great delay and hesitation on the part of Gates, Hamilton wrote to Washington that he doubted whether he would have had a man from the northern army if they could have been kept with any decency, yet Governor Clinton had urged Gates to forward the troops to Washington's army, telling him that 'upon its success every thing worth regarding depended.' This, you will remember, Judge, was just before the terrible winter at Valley Forge, and Washington must have felt that his misfortunes during the fall were owing in a large measure to the sacrifice he had made in sending the continental regiments to assist Gates, who delayed them so unreasonably. Yet, Washington declared at that time that,

if the cause were advanced, he cared not in what quarter it happened.'"

Judge Van Eyck: "The delay of Gates is similar to that of Lee, just after the fall of Fort Washington; he was then the hero of the hour, as Gates was at this time. The requests, entreaties and commands of Washington were alike disregarded by Lee, who held on to the troops, thinking he could seize upon a favorable opportunity to strike a blow at the British in New York City, and thus raise himself over his superior. The same desires and the same schemes instigated Gates; he cherished a hope that he and Putnam could drive Sir Henry Clinton out of New York City—thus a brilliant dash, that would bring personal *eclat*, filled the minds of these two men who had little conception of the larger schemes and more elaborate end toward which Washington was patiently toiling. The head of each had grown light with a temporary triumph; it requires the exercise of greater qualities for a man to preserve his equilibrium upon the summit of a great success, than to rise above the depression of a disastrous failure."

Mrs. Harris: "I thought General Gates was planning a winter campaign into Canada about that time."

Judge Van Eyck: "That was later, during the winter, when he was head of the board of war. Do you remember how they had La Fayette, not then twenty-one years old, appointed commander of this expedition, which was a mere shadow, for they never collected either troops or stores for it, but sent La Fayette and De Kalb with a retinue of officers to Albany. The poor young marquis wrote most pa-

thetically to Washington, complaining of the ludicrous position in which he was placed, and which he declared would make him the laughing stock of Europe. The scheme was found to be impracticable, and as usual, Congress had to return to the quiet, far-sighted methods advised by Washington."

Mr. Winship: "Judge, you travel over a great deal of ground in making out your case against General Gates, but some how you have not touched the important point as between Gates and Schuyler. Was it not a wise decision that gave Gates the command of the northern army before the battle of Saratoga? Why, Burgoyne had already run Schuyler nearly into Albany. He was at Van Schaick's Island, where he could not possibly have maintained himself; the British could have crossed the Mohawk above him. In fact, I think it was by the route crossing those ferries that General Phillips advised Burgoyne to advance from Lake George. Some persons contend that Burgoyne's failure to follow this advance was the cause of his disasters."

Judge Van Eyck: "You are mistaken, Mr. Winship, about the strength of the position at the mouth of the Mohawk, and you forget that General Schuyler retained his headquarters at Stillwater, and evidently intended to advance his whole army as soon as it was in a condition to meet the enemy. It would have been sheer madness to encounter such an army as Burgoyne's with the handful of militia Schuyler then had, and with his scarcity of arms and ammunition. Gates is excused six weeks later for not following up the battle of the 19th

of September, because he was short of ammunition. Schuyler, while still at Fort Edward, had ordered the window leads to be taken from all the houses in Albany, and melted into balls, but it required time to carry out this order. Gates reaped the benefit of it, and many others. When Schuyler was at Van Schaick's Island, it may be said that he had neither men, guns, or lead. The very desperation of his condition, and the efforts he made to remedy it reacted in lifting Gates over his shoulders."

Mr. Winship: "But Schuyler was responsible for the bad condition of things; why had he not collected the militia, prepared proper equipments, and placed himself in a secure position before this?"

Judge Van Eyck: "Gates was the man who should have done that, if it could have been done, which I doubt. He was in command of the Northern Department during the spring, when arrangements should have been perfected for the summer campaign. The lesson of years, the experience of every war in this country, proved that the defenses of the Hudson, with those of Lakes Champlain and George, would be the first objects of attack. During the previous winter, General Schuyler's orders to his officers show the activity of his preparations for the coming campaign; and just as these orders might have become effective by the combination and direction they would receive from the controlling mind that had conceived them, their force was dissipated and destroyed by a change of commanders, caused by the restless ambition of Gates, then at Ticonderoga. Thus were the affairs of the department in great

confusion at the most important moment, for when Schuyler returned to the command in June, Burgoyne was already prepared for his advance, which was made with great rapidity in the beginning."

Colonel Shelby: "I think there is too much importance attached to the capabilities and actions of the commanders of the American army in this campaign. We are apt to forget the real condition of affairs that no immediate skill could remedy. The militia every where were reluctant to turn out, unless their own neighborhood was in danger, especially at a season when their crops were to be planted. The Continental army was not only small, but undisciplined; it could scarcely be said to have an organization until some months later, when Steuben began his system of training. The conception of a Nation to be established or defended had but a vague hold on the minds of the people. It was only the strong stimulus of fear, indignation or success, such as it was the good luck of General Gates to strike upon—caused then by the absolute invasion of peaceful homes, the cruel murder of Jane McCrea, and the victory of Bennington—that could inspire the enthusiasm necessary to draw an army together, and push it to victory. And when such an army was collected, it became necessary to put it into immediate action, or it soon fell to pieces. It was this propensity to dissolve, perceptible to the quick eye of Arnold, that led him to write to Gates, even when he sat sullenly in camp without a command, saying that he felt in honor bound to disclose to him the restless impatience of his troops, who

were threatening to leave the camp in large numbers, if they were not soon led into some active service."

Mr. Winship: "Gates was only using a necessary precaution at that time, for he found great difficulty in obtaining information of Burgoyne's movements, and he had but just begun the fortifications at Bemis' Heights."

Colonel Shelby: "Yes; I remember that this uncertainty about Burgoyne's whereabouts is mentioned by Wilkinson in his memoirs. In his usual style, Wilkinson makes himself the hero of a reconnoissance made by a detachment of Morgan's corps. The truth is that Burgoyne's Indians had been too numerous and too shrewd for all the scouts sent out by Gates, who were either captured or deceived. It was finally determined that Morgan should select one of the most courageous and adroit of his officers, who would advance as near as possible to Burgoyne's camp, and obtain the necessary information. The duty was assigned to Lieutenant Hardin, who conducted it with skill and success. In Wilkinson's narration of this expedition, he pays a fine tribute to Hardin's services later in the war, while complacently putting him in the background on this occasion."

Miss Van Eyck: "Father, is he the Wilkinson who says that Arnold was not on the battle field at Saratoga on the day of the first fight, and will give him no credit for the second battle?"

Judge Van Eyck: "Well, Kate, I believe the ladies—all ladies—are pleased, as you seem to be, with Arnold's crazy capers. He may have done some good service at Saratoga, but after all he was

a reckless, headstrong scoundrel. I don't like to find young people cherishing any sentimental regard for him."

Mr. Winship: "It is a question, I think, when a man yields to a great temptation and commits an ignominious act, whether this should throw discredit on his former conduct."

Judge Van Eyck: "I do not think it should. And I am sure that Arnold, in urging upon Gates the necessity of meeting Burgoyne on the 19th of September, was actuated by the most honorable motives, and that his judgment was correct; it is probable, too, that if Burgoyne had not been attacked as he was, that he would have driven Gates back to Albany, or further."

The ladies of the party now excused themselves, and wandered down to the lake shore. The gentlemen disposing themselves comfortably, and lighting their cigars, continued the conversation.

Colonel Shelby: "Do you know it is frequently said now that neither of the battles of Saratoga were necessary? I do not know, Judge, whether you belong to the party that claims General Schuyler had 'bagged the game' before General Gates arrived in camp. They say that Burgoyne's fate was inevitable from the time that Stark annihilated the German regiments at Bennington, Schuyler having previously stripped the country of provisions so completely as to paralyze Burgoyne's movements. You know it has been said that 'an army moves on its belly,' which is true; the strictest discipline, the staunchest courage and best equipments are useless, if soldiers are poorly fed. In modern warfare, the commissariat is justly considered the heart of the army."

Mr. Winship: "Confirming the adage, 'that a man's heart lies in his stomach.' I can easily believe that his courage does; we are all liable to grow faint-hearted waiting for a long delayed meal."

Judge Van Eyck: "It is certain that Burgoyne's precarious position was owing in a large measure to this difficulty. 'Every pound of pork he distributed was brought from Ireland;' and among the three causes of failure specified by Burgoyne's latest biographer, one is a 'want of administrative arrangement and preparedness in the essentials of army supply.' Yet I am far from thinking that this scarcity of provisions would have led to Burgoyne's capture."

Colonel Shelby: "Have you noticed some statements lately that assert it was St. Clair, instead of Schuyler, who impeded Wood Creek, and felled trees on the road between Skenesborough and Fort Edward?"

Judge Van Eyck: "I have a sincere respect for General St. Clair, who suffered undeservedly so many misfortunes, but I am sure he would have indulged in a dry, incredulous smile at that suggestion. He was plodding his way through the wilderness from Castleton, and quite to the east, while Schuyler was destroying the road between Skenesborough and Fort Edward, where St. Clair joined him after his mysterious disappearance of several days. It is true Colonel Long, of St. Clair's division, after his gallant fight of Fort Anne, had rocks rolled into the creek as he retreated, but this was a small matter compared with the work that was done. Schuyler's orders to Generals Fellows and Nixon, and many others, dated at Fort Edward, before St. Clair arrived, show what active measures

he was taking to impede the roads, and to strip the country of provisions and wagons that might aid the enemy. He also gave the most careful orders in regard to the intimidation of tories, and encouragement of patriots, and for securing the guns and stores at Fort George, and at the same time he was using the utmost vigilance to protect the western frontier. I tell you, sir ; the energy, the extraordinary business capacity and the unflinching courage of Schuyler, exercised at that time, when all was dark and threatening, saved the campaign of '77. It was at the very moment when Burgoyne considered himself invincible, and was prepared to push rapidly forward, that Schuyler, with a shattered, despairing, empty-handed squad of men, put shovels and axes in their hands, and urging, scolding, and imploring, pushed them right and left to turn the very trees and rocks into frowning defences and sheltering walls, that would conceal the weakness of his force."

Mr. Winship : " I do not deny that, Judge, but why had Schuyler so weak a force ? Because he had not the qualities necessary to collect or keep an army, or keep it together at that time. His aristocratic, overbearing manners made him repulsive to the militia ; he had no influence over them, and his partizan feelings separated him from many of the officers. He could not stand even behind the defences he had made, but was compelled to retreat again and again. When Gates took the command, he immediately advanced, posted himself in a strong position, and then set about surrounding Burgoyne on every side. He succeeded in doing this, and thus he obviated the

necessity for an open fight. I believe General Gates was right in wishing to avoid such a risk. Was it not a necessary precaution, Colonel ? "

Colonel Shelby : " O, no, sir ! You are mistaken. The Americans were much better at a dash or a skirmish in the woods than behind entrenchments. The plan of Burgoyne for the 19th of September, was a skillful one, and he had the means for success, while his chances were very fair. Gates had not completed the entrenchments at Bemis' Heights. When he was informed of Burgoyne's advance, he had the baggage wagons packed, and they stood in long lines behind the camp the whole day, in readiness for a retreat, which he evidently thought would be necessary. If the army had remained quietly behind their works, as Gates intended they should do, it is highly probable that Burgoyne would have accomplished his design. In that event the American camp would have been laid open to him in the identical way in which the British camp was exposed to our troops after the capture of Breyman's redoubt, in the battle of the 7th. If Burgoyne had been permitted to advance but little further than he really did, when his forces encountered Morgan, he would have gained possession of the heights from which Morgan, in the last battle, hurled himself upon Frazer's five hundred. These heights commanded the left of the American camp, and Phillips' artillery would soon have bristled among those trees, and swept Gates from Bemis' Heights, as Burgoyne was swept from his camp on the night of the 7th of October. No, sir ; it was not mere impa-

tience that instigated Arnold ; he had the eye and the spirit of a soldier, wretch as he afterwards proved himself. His entreaties to be allowed to meet Burgoyne's advance saved the American camp on the 19th of September, and the check received then was after all the first insurmountable obstacle that Burgoyne had encountered. It was Arnold's desperate valor in the next contest that drove Burgoyne back upon his retreat, and into the terrible circle where the cautious Gates finally came up and secured him, and there is no doubt but the roar of Sir Henry Clinton's artillery on the lower Hudson caused him to let his game out on easy terms."

Mr. Winship: "Well, really, Colonel, I thought you were going to take an impartial view of these matters, but you are as prejudiced as the Judge. You must admit, however, that if Clinton had followed up the advantage he gained on the Hudson, as it was reasonable to suppose he would, there could have been no question about the importance of Gates' securing the surrender with all possible despatch."

Colonel Shelby: "That is a strong point for General Gates; under the circumstances, it was wise for him to hurry, but he had Burgoyne so completely in his power that he might easily have dictated his own terms. Did you ever notice, Judge, in the accounts of these battles how vaguely the American artillery is mentioned, and yet it evidently contributed largely to the successful result? We are told the story of the cannon ball that struck the table around which Burgoyne and his officers sat while considering the necessity for capitula-

tion, and we can realize how powerful an argument it was in hastening the decision. We hear poetic allusions to the cannon balls that fell among the officers who stood around Frazer's grave, and of other balls tearing through the house where Madame Riedesel and many wounded had taken refuge. She repeatedly refers to the terrific cannonading, especially on the afternoon of the 10th of October, when a halt was made at old Saratoga, and the British were thrown into 'great confusion and disorder;' but all these hints are vague; there is no account of the position in which the guns were placed, either during the battles or afterwards, but some of these positions are found on British military maps; and little mention of the officers who commanded them."

Judge Van Eyck: "You know, I suppose, that Major Stevens had command of the artillery of the Northern Department at that time. In the retreat from Ticonderoga, he took a number of his guns on the batteaux, but they were lost, of course, at Skenesborough. In August, he wrote from Stillwater to General Knox that he was actively engaged in preparations for an attack from the enemy. He undoubtedly handled the artillery very skillfully, not only in the battles of Saratoga, but in the intervals of waiting he gave Burgoyne continual reminders of the precarious position he occupied, and during the last days before the armistice that preceded the surrender, the artillery harrassed the British incessantly. Major Stevens' conduct was appreciated at the time, for he received a resolution of thanks from Congress for his efficient services, and

strict attention to duty, while commanding officer of artillery of the Northern Department."

Colonel Shelby: "I am glad to know that. In fact, our best histories are very deficient in many particulars that are full of interest, and are of importance in any effort to understand the events of the revolutionary period. It is perhaps because the records of public men, their letters and official papers, are still in possession of private families, many of which do not know the value of the papers they hold."

Judge Van Eyck: "It is a subject on which the people need instruction, and in which their interest should be aroused. There is scarcely an event, or a single individual even remotely connected with the revolution that has not an historic interest. This was peculiarly so in regard to private soldiers and subordinate officers, who were so often persons of influence outside of the army, and whose opinions and actions were of more consequence than their rank would indicate."

Mr. Winship: That is true, Judge, and is the reason why the New England men were so often misunderstood and berated by Schuyler and other aristocratic New Yorkers. Every man from New England knew he was a power in himself."

Judge Van Eyck: "Yes, they had conceit enough. That might have been overlooked if their actions had corresponded with their opinion of themselves, but unfortunately, when the fighting or hard service was at hand, they too often made off for home. They were an insubordinate, hard-headed set."

Mr. Winship: "Perhaps so, when under the direction of purse-proud Dutch New Yorkers. When officered by men in whom they had confidence, the New England militia were invincible. Remember what they did at Bennington, at Saratoga, and in the detachments sent out by Lincoln."

Judge Van Eyck: "Well, Mr. Winship, you and I will have to compromise. When you come down to my country house, you must read the letters and orders of General Schuyler, which furnish an authentic history of what he did, and endeavored to do during the Saratoga campaign. They are a complete vindication of every charge that has been brought against him."

Mr. Winship: "I will be glad to obtain any new information on this subject, but I am confident that although General Schuyler may be thoroughly vindicated, that General Gates cannot be justly the subject of censure. He must be acknowledged at all times as a skillful, humane, and dignified commander, and the hero of Saratoga."

Colonel Shelby: "I think, gentlemen, we had better go and find the ladies." It grows dark in-doors, and the gentlemen walk down the hill to the lake shore. They join the ladies who sit on the benches, or walk about enjoying the moonlight. A sail boat lies at anchor near the pier, and Mr. Winship proposes a sail. The boat is immediately secured; he steps on board and adjusts the sails. Colonel Shelby follows, and takes the rudder. Miss Van Eyck seats herself near Mr. Winship, and Miss Pelham is beside the Colonel, who disposes his long limbs recliningly, and lingers over

his appointed work with a genuine spirit of relaxation. Mr. Winship puts the little vessel under full sail, and they soon glide out toward Snake Hill. They chat merrily for a few minutes, but soon the silence of the night, the darkness of the water near them and its shimmering brightness in the distance; the undulating, wooded shores of the lake, accented by its legend-haunted, strongly marked promontory, Snake Hill, the distant sky that here seems lifted to such incomprehensible heights—all contribute to subdue gaiety and arouse deeper emotions. As they drift on the artificial world seems left behind. The conventionalisms of society disappear—Parisian elegancies, military restraint, Boston positiveness, and shy dignity are forgotten; the simplicity and earnestness of nature asserts itself in the human soul, in harmony with the spirit that pervades the surrounding scene. Colonel Shelby in low tones and picturesque language tells a wild, tragic story of life in Nevada; he speaks of the towering mountains and tumbling cataracts amid which the scene took place.

Miss Pelham, in an awed voice: "Colonel, your story oppresses me; I do not like to hear of those savage people, and the thought of their immense mountains is terrible; how much more pleasing are these sloping hills and this quiet lake; one could not imagine a tragedy taking place here."

Miss Van Eyck, speaking gently: "It was not far from here that the awful tragedy of war was played. Perhaps you will all think that I am battle-struck, but my mind is full of this expedition to Bemis Heights, and I feel as if we might

be going there now as we glide over this lake; it takes us so much nearer. Some of the people who fled before Burgoyne's army came on canoes through Fish Creek and into this lake. How anxious and yet indignant they must have been; how different from the peacefulness that we feel now!—and yet the lake is as it was; how insignificant it makes one feel to think of this—that we come and go as time flows on and are never the same, and yet the hills, the waters and the sky remain fixed, immovable."

Mr. Winship: "Not immovable, Miss Kate; they change, but under fixed laws, and so do we; no doubt we feel the same fears, anxieties and hopes that the people of those revolutionary times did, only our sensations are directed into other channels. Indignation and terror, despair and love, hold the same sway over us now as then."

Miss Van Eyck, to Mr. Winship: "Don't you think Lady Ackland displayed a more heroic love than any that can be found at the present day?—and by the way, you said you could tell me something more about her than I yet know. Her adventures are an appropriate subject for such a place as this. How strangely she must have felt while in that little boat that carried her from the British camp to the Americans; it was not a night like this, it was dark and stormy. But tell me, Mr. Winship, what you know of her."

Mr. Winship: "I will, Miss Kate, most gladly, if you will first sing me a song."

Miss Van Eyck, evidently in a yielding mood: "I will sing a song of the Hudson in a storm."

SONG.

On thy bosom angry river,
Still I safely rest and dream,
Knowing thee a faithful lover,
Though dark passions I discover
Mid the lightnings fitful gleam.

Oft when thou wert calmly smiling,
Stormy griefs I whispered thee,
And forgot them while reclining
On thy bosom—thou beguiling
Me to dreams of ecstasy.

Now I love thee for thy raging,
Like my soul's unrestful ways.
Storms or sunshine thee engaging,
Still my woes thou art assuaging,
Lover thou who ne'er betrays.

Soft and clear the rich tones of Kate Van Eyck's voice float out on the moonlighted air. As she finishes, a deep quiet prevails.

Mr. Winship in low, distinct tones:

"To gallant Gates, in war serenely brave,
The tide of fortune turns its reflux wave;
Forced by his arms, the bold invaders yield
The prize and glory of the well-fought field:
Bleeding and lost the captured Ackland lies—"

He is in the hands of the enemy, quite helpless, wounded in both legs. His valet, who is warmly attached to him, is groping about in the darkness among the wounded on the open field, in the chill, autumn night, peering into dead and suffering faces, examining the clothing of the killed and mangled, patiently passing from group to group of prostrate officers and men in his sad search. He forgets that he is approaching the enemy, but is suddenly reminded of their proximity by a sudden shock and fall; in struggling to rise he finds himself wounded in the shoulder. Bleeding profusely, it is with difficulty he gets back to the camp."

Miss Van Eyck: "Was he the same man who saved his master's life when the tent was burning?"

Mr. Winship: "I don't think he was. Major Ackland seems to have inspired an ardent affection in all who surrounded him. The man who twice in the same night risked his life to save the Major's, was a sergeant. The tent occupied by Major Ackland and his wife took fire from a candle upset by a favorite dog. Lady Ackland was soon aroused, and crept out under the side of the tent, at the same time the sergeant entered it. He found the Major in a profound sleep and carried him out in his arms. As soon as contact with the air had aroused the sleeper, he saw the condition of affairs, and not knowing that his wife had escaped, he immediately rushed into the flames to rescue her. He was overcome with the fire and smoke, and would probably have been smothered had not the sergeant followed him and again dragged him from the flames."

Miss Pelham: "Wasn't it strange they should have a pet dog on such an expedition?"

Mr. Winship: "Many of the officers had dogs. They were probably hunting dogs, and no doubt they expected to have much pleasure hunting in the wild forests of New York. They tell of a dog belonging to Lord Balcarras, that had a curious escape from death when the army encamped at Crown Point, on its way down the lake."

Colonel Shelby: "Did you know the Earl Balcarras was a very young man, and 'fleshed his maiden sword' at Hubbardton?"

Mr. Winship: "An interesting fact,

Colonel, but to continue my story: large trees were being cut down. One of them fell directly on the dog, and by its weight seemed to bury him in the earth. The dog was unusually intelligent and quick; he had become a favorite in the camp—there was a general rush for his rescue by the soldiers around. Some of them said it was no use trying to get him out of his hole; of course he was dead, but others chopped diligently at the great tree, and soon lifted the heavy log from his back, when to the astonishment of all, the dog trotted off in apparently good condition and spirits."

Colonel Shelby: "He must have been imbedded in soft, alluvial soil in such a way as to relieve him of the weight of the tree and the force of its fall."

Miss Van Eyck: "Do you know whether Lady Ackland was as beautiful as she was lovely in character?"

Mr. Winship: I have seen a print of her from a portrait by Rivers—one of the most interesting faces I ever saw; the features are classical and the expression spiritual; the dress, too, is picturesque. You can easily believe her to have been one of those women who give and inspire an extraordinary affection, one that would stimulate a man to great deeds, that would keep active the higher sentiments of his nature."

Colonel Shelby: "'Pon my word, Winship, I don't like to spoil your pretty romance, but I have no doubt but Ackland was just such a wine-bibbing, fox-hunting fellow as the rest of those British officers."

Mr. Winship: "But we know, Colonel, that Ackland not only performed

heroic deeds on every field, and was repeatedly wounded, but that he was actuated by high and honorable sentiments. The very fact that these traits were not swallowed up in the indulgence of coarser tastes shows that there was some strong influence at work to counteract sensuality, and keep active his higher nature. The conduct of Lady Ackland, as well as her appearance, indicate that hers was the purifying spirit that guided and influenced him. When she joined her husband in the American camp, she was received by General Gates with the greatest tenderness and respect. Indeed, I think it is hard to suppose that a man who showed as manly and noble traits in his treatment of women as Gates always did, should have been a coward. Surely, Colonel, we can draw as just a conclusion from this, as the Judge did from General Schuyler's horsemanship."

Colonel Shelby: "Perhaps so. But he must indeed have been a miserable poltroon who would have done less for Lady Ackland, arriving in camp under such circumstances."

Mr. Winship: "Her husband soon recovered, Miss Kate; but after their return to England he was shot in a duel caused by his defence of the valor of the American troops. The sudden shock of his death affected Lady Ackland's mind; she was insane two years, but was finally restored and found consolation in the affection of Mr. Brudenell, whom she afterwards married. He was the chaplain who performed the ceremony at Frazer's funeral, and he had also accompanied Lady Ackland on that perilous boat-ride between the two camps; her

husband's faithful valet, although wounded, also went with her. A sister of Lady Ackland, Lady Susan O'Brien (they were both daughters of Lord Holland) was visiting, at the beginning of the revolution, Sir William Johnson, in the Mohawk valley. No doubt the sisters were together in Canada, before Lady Harriet joined her husband at Skenesborough. I believe she wrote a narrative of the campaigns in which she followed the army in America.

IV.

"After the thunder-storm our heaven is blue:
 Far off, along the borders of the sky,
 In silver folds the clouds of battle lie,
 With soft consoling sunlight shining through;
 And round the sweeping circle of yon hills
 The crashing cannon-thrills
 Have faded from the memory of the air,
 And Summer pours from unexhausted fountains
 Her bliss on yonder mountains:
 The camps are tenantless; the breastworks
 bare:
 Earth keeps no stain where hero-blood was
 poured:
 The hornets humming on their wings of lead,
 Have ceased to sting, their angry swarms are
 dead,
 And, harmless in its scabbard, rusts the sword!"

The day is shadowy. A brilliant sun rides high in the heavens above a pale blue, far-reaching sky. Great drifting silvery clouds float slowly from the east, throwing dark shadows on the distant hills and fields—and one, a van-guard, casts its gloom so long over the broad street facing the great hotels, that the day seems dark. Under its softened light, Kate Van Eyck strolls quietly, pensively across the lawn from the cottage

piazza, Mr. Winship following her silently. They join the other members of their party who are starting for their ride to the battle ground. Mrs. Harris is already seated in the landau, Miss Van Eyck, Mr. Winship and Judge Van Eyck take their places with her, and they are driven off toward the lake on Union Avenue.

Colonel Shelby and Miss Pelham have decided to visit Schuylerville instead of Bemis Height, and the Colonel turns the heads of the horses that draw their light buggy towards the Town Hall, where they turn into Lake Avenue, and thence follow the Schuylerville road.

Miss Pelham: "Colonel, I do not intend to forget Kate's admonition to ask you for information about Schuylerville."

Colonel Shelby: "It is the place, Miss Pelham, where the surrender of Burgoyne took place, and near where the village of old Saratoga stood, and also where Schuyler's handsome country residence was burned by Burgoyne on his retreat."

Miss Pelham: "I once saw a picture of Mrs. Schuyler setting fire to a field; had that anything to do with it?"

Colonel Shelby, smiling: "Well, no; not with Burgoyne's fire. She had taken her furniture out of the house and returned to Albany some time before he arrived, but when she was leaving she set fire to the grain to prevent it from falling into his hands."

Miss Pelham: "Did you say there was a monument at Schuylerville?"

Colonel Shelby, evidently amused at Miss Pelham's eagerness to obtain information at the dictation of Miss Kate:

"Not yet, but it is proposed to put one there in commemoration of the battles of Saratoga."

Miss Pelham, perplexedly: "But I thought the battles were not fought there. You see, Colonel, I am hopelessly mixed when it comes to military matters. But do enlighten me about this monument."

Colonel Shelby: "It is claimed that the place of surrender is a proper location for the monument, as being the culminating point of a long series of strategic movements and conflicts. My preference would be for the field where the battles took place, some miles below. The two principal contests were upon the same ground, and there, where the blood was shed and the retreat began which led to the surrender, seems a more suitable place."

Miss Pelham: "I think it is a pity to put anything worth seeing in either of these out-of-the-way places. Who will ever go to look at them;" adding playfully: "I am sure we never would have thought of such a thing if Kate had not taken a freak in her head about some romantic incidents in the battles that pleased her. She has not let any of us rest since; we had to come in self-defence."

Colonel Shelby: "I do not consider the seclusion of either of these places an objection. The battle-field, where the rest of the party are going, would be, in its retirement, the very place where a person like Miss Van Eyck, for instance, who has a genuine sentiment about such things, might feel most strongly the associations of the place and recall most vividly the events which were commemorated. It is also but a continuation of the favorite drive to Saratoga lake.

Miss Pelham: "What else am I to remember at Schuylerville; was there no fighting at all there?"

Colonel Shelby: "Yes, there was a skirmish that came near being an unlucky affair for the Americans, but they retreated in time to save themselves; it was not an event in which we can feel much pride. There was some skillful cannonading there by the Americans for a few days before the surrender, and it is where Madame Riedesel spent those dreadful nights in a cellar."

Miss Pelham: "Don't tell me anything about that. Battles are quite grand in the abstract, but I don't like the particulars."

In the meantime the remainder of the party on the other road, in the landau, are passing the gate of the race course.

Miss Van Eyck, addressing Mrs. Harris: "You have not told me that second version of the story of Jane McCrea, who was murdered by the Indian allies of Burgoyne; we will soon get to the lake and I would like to hear it before I leave you."

Mrs. Harris: "I suppose you know the most generally accepted account of it?"

Miss Van Eyck: "The school histories tell us that Lieutenant Jones, a tory, in Burgoyne's army, was betrothed to Jane McCrea; that he sent a party of Indians to bring her from Fort Edward to the British camp near there, and promised them a barrel of whiskey as a reward if they would bring her in safety. I think he was a very inconsiderate lover; well, you know the Indians quarreled about the whiskey they were to get and tomahawked Jane McCrea on the road"

Mrs. Harris: "But the lover did not offer the whiskey as a reward, and he did not send for her either. I think those facts are well established, although there are several different versions of the tragedy. All agree that Jenny lived with her brother, near Fort Edward, and that he was a whig, who wished to leave his home as the British advanced and take refuge in Albany. At this time Jenny was at Fort Edward, visiting her tory friend Mrs. McNeil, who was a relative of General Frazer. Jenny's brother sent repeated messages for her to join him. She delayed, probably quite willing for the British to arrive, as her lover was with them. Finally yielding to the entreaties of her brother, she prepared to leave in a batteau on a certain evening. On the morning of that very day a marauding party of Indians burst into the house of Mrs. McNeil and dragged her and Jenny out of a cellar, where they had concealed themselves, and carried them off as prisoners. Jenny, in her fright, promised them a large reward if they would spare her life and take her in safety to the British camp. This was the reward they quarreled over, as stated by a niece of Jenny. She was carried away on horseback, but Mrs. McNeil was so large and heavy that the Indians could not get her on a horse, and they pulled her along by both arms, and frequently compelled her to fall on her face, as they did themselves, to avoid the bullets of the Americans, who were pursuing them. A granddaughter of Mrs. McNeil has said that the Indians told her grand-mother that Jane McCrea was shot by the Americans who were pursuing them; that they only scalped her after she was dead. Mrs.

McNeil believed this, because her own life had been endangered in the same way, and because a larger reward was offered for prisoners brought into the camp alive than for scalps. This theory of the tragedy has been adopted by several of the later narrators."

Judge Van Eyck: "I think if any such representation had been made by the Indians at the time of the murder, Burgoyne would gladly have availed himself of it, and have made it known; but, on the contrary, he was anxious to punish the murderer, and was only deterred from doing so by the representations and solicitations of de Luc. I have no doubt but the Indians tomahawked her. It was not an unusual occurrence, but the excitement of the time gave it great importance. Inhuman cruelty was attributed to the whole British army, who sheltered the savages, and it waked up the militia and sent them to the American camp."

Mrs. Harris: "I had supposed, Judge, that the family of Jenny were all whigs, but I see in Burgoyne's biography there is reference to a letter, written by one of her brothers to General Burgoyne, some years after the war, soliciting his influence for an appointment in the army. It seems General Burgoyne endorsed this letter with a few lines, in which he expressed his gratification at having this proof that the family of Miss McCrea believed that he had acted with humanity and honor at the time of her murder; and he also says that he was able to obtain the appointment desired."

Miss Van Eyck: "What became of the lover, Mrs. Harris?"

Mrs. Harris: "As soon as he was charged with having sent for Jenny, he

offered his resignation as Lieutenant in the army. It was not accepted. One account says he fought desperately in the battles at Saratoga, and was killed; but the more authentic one states that he deserted immediately after the death of Jenny, and went to Canada. He bought her scalp from the Indian who had taken it; her hair had been beautiful, dark brown, and over a yard long. Lieutenant Jones preserved this sad memento as long as he lived, and I think he was an old man when he died. Every July, as the anniversary of the sad event approached, he would seclude himself entirely from his friends, and they never at any time referred to the Revolution in his presence."

Mr. Winship: "I have seen Jane McCrea's grave at Fort Edward. Do you know how they recovered her body?"

Mrs. Harris: "It was found by the pursuing Americans near the spot where she was killed, and they sent it to her brother on the very batteau in which she expected to have gone down the river to meet him. She was buried on the banks of the Hudson, and many years afterwards her remains were removed to the cemetery at Fort Edward."

They arrive at the Lake House, and alight for a short time. Miss Van Eyck's horse Guido is awaiting her there. She mounts him, and followed by her groom, turns to the right, and goes slowly down the long hill, past the Brigg's House, and over the bridge that crosses the "narrows." The steady clump, clump of Guido's feet on the bridge seems to make more palpable the quietness of the placid scene of beauty before her. The lake lies motionless, and in Kate's mind it

harmonizes with her calm expectancy of pleasure in the final object of her ride. Following along the road, she passes through a cool, shady marsh, where the varied stems of the willows and the tender ferns and grasses underneath give variety and interest even to this tame spot. The road now follows close to the lake shore, and Guido, seemingly tired of his dull paces, voluntarily starts off at a brisk canter, and brings her quickly to the Cedar Bluff Hotel, which she passes, and then turns to the left, moving more slowly up the long hill. When near the top, she glances suddenly off to the northwest, and is so strongly impressed with the distant mountain view that she checks her horse entirely, and turns to enjoy it. As the landau approaches, the Judge orders William to stop.

Judge Van Eyck: "I am glad you stopped here, Kate. When going to the White Sulphur Spring, one day last summer, with a gentleman familiar with this region, we took a turn up this hill, and he pointed out the different ranges of mountains that we can see from this place. Do you notice how those two ranges lie, one over the other?"

Mr. Winship: "Yes; they are quite distinct upon a second look, though at first they seemed to be but one. There is a break in the forward range."

Judge Van Eyck: "That is the Palmertown range; it divides and surrounds Lake George. Far to the north you see a few high knolls that lie at the head of that lake. Now follow down a short distance to the gap you speak of. That is where the Hudson breaks through this Palmertown range. You see that range dwindles down as it nears the village.

They tell me its terminus is at Glen Mitchell, or rather North Broadway in Saratoga Springs. The higher range beyond is the Kayadrossera, which shows almost an unbroken line as it descends. Now look across the lake."

Miss Van Eyck: "O, see, father, how beautiful! The whole extent of the lake lies beneath us;" pointing southward. "What mountains are those beyond it?"

Judge Van Eyck: "Those are the northern peaks of the Catskills."

Mrs. Harris: "How could we have been at Saratoga so often and so long without hearing of this fine view? Judge, I am really disposed to reproach you for not bringing us sooner."

Judge Van Eyck: "Well, I had forgotten it, although I was much impressed with it when I first came here, and I remember now that Mr. Jones, who was with me, said there was a still more extensive lookout from a hill two or three miles beyond this. I think we go over it to-day. Kate, you had better let us take the lead now."

Mr. Winship has alighted from the carriage and stands near Kate: "I realize now the advantage you have in being on horseback. You can enjoy the beautiful landscape at every turn without effort. I did not know that such views were to be seen on this ride."

Miss Van Eyck: "This is an unexpected pleasure, and I congratulate myself upon having persevered in my desire to go in this way."

They now ride rapidly on, turning to the left at the top of the hill, and entering a chestnut grove whose dense shade is restful to the eyes after gazing intently over the water and at the distant views.

To Kate especially is this secluded, winding road in the thick forest a delight; she lets the reins hang loosely on Guido's neck as he walks slowly and daintily on, her mind still filled with thoughts suggested by the distant, misty hills. Coming out of the woods she sees the carriage, a mere speck, and seemingly stationary before her; hurrying on she finds them waiting for her, as here, at the cross-roads near the red school-house, they fear she may mistake the way. They now all keep on the direct road up another extended hill, and Kate galloping ahead, reaches the summit first, turns abruptly and waves her handkerchief. The carriage comes up.

Miss Van Eyck: "This must be the hill you were telling us of. Do have the carriage thrown entirely open so you can stand up and see it all. There, father, are the two ranges of mountains you showed us on the other hill, only they look higher and more irregular from this point, and we can see so much further north; are those the Lake George mountains? and, oh look! in the opposite direction. I do believe there is 'The Old Man of the Mountain;' see, Mrs. Harris, there are other mountains south of that, and turn quite around, there is still another range entirely separate. Is not this magnificent? I was never in such an ampitheatre before. Can you see them all?"

Mr. Winship: "Indeed, Miss Kate, this is very fine. Those are doubtless the Green Mountains and the Hudson river hills you have pointed out toward the east, and there is the veritable 'Old Man of the Mountains' in the Catskills, lying on his back as usual."

Judge Van Eyck: "Kate, those are the high hills of Lake George to the north, and the Kayadrossera chain breaks up into peaks there to the northwest. We must have a view of one thousand square miles under our eyes here. Saratoga ought to make more stir about such a ride as this, and have guide-boards with directions to these hills; the last one was Caldwell's—this is Summit; but come, we must be moving on."

They proceed cautiously down the long, uneven slope and soon leave the pine-crowned hill on the left, where they turn sharply to the right and drive over a smooth road through a lovely circular valley to the Quaker meeting house, where Kate, who is in advance, stops for directions as she comes to a cross road.

Miss Van Eyck, as they approached: "Which way, father?"

Judge Van Eyck: "To the right again. This is the main road from Quaker Springs to Bemis' Heights. Across the hills where this road now runs was a part of the battle ground. The road follows just about the course that must have been taken by Arnold when he made his first charge against the Hessians in the last battle, but we have quite a drive yet before reaching that part of the road. I think it will be better for us to go to Freeman's Farm first."

Mrs. Harris: "That will be the most interesting spot, because the heaviest fighting in both battles was there."

At the next cross road they turn to the left and in a few minutes stop before the house on Freeman's Farm. They alight and enter, and find the hostess very amiable and glad to tell them all she knows that will interest them. She also shows

them the relics that have been ploughed up on the farm. There are musket balls, a twenty-four pound cannon ball, buckles and buttons bearing the number of British regiments, and the jaw bone of a man with the teeth still preserved. They are told that just beyond a little knoll near the house the blood run a foot deep; a statement they take with a grain of allowance; and yet one may believe that it was indeed a sanguinary spot, for just there Balcarras made his heroic defence against Arnold's mad attack and succeeded in repulsing him. He held the redoubt upon this place until Burgoyne moved his army during the night after the battle.

Judge Van Eyck, while they all stand on the site of the old redoubt: "Which is Burgoyne's hill, as it is called?" A high knoll, covered with trees of a light growth, and surrounded by a ravine, is pointed out across the road, but some distance back from it. "That, Kate, is really Breyman's hill; at least it is where the redoubt was located, which he defended. There were earthworks between this redoubt and that. In the last battle the Massachusetts regiments broke through these works about the time of Arnold's repulse here by Balcarras. Seeing the advantage they had gained, Arnold, with Learned's regiment, dashed around from here to the hill where Breyman was, and succeeded in getting possession of that. Breyman was killed at his guns, and his men all driven away. Arnold was also wounded there; but the Americans held the redoubt, and you can see how it gave them the command of the whole British camp, and made it necessary for Burgoyne to abandon his

position. We will now go to the sight of Frazer's camp, in the pine woods just across the road."

Mrs. Harris: "I think, Judge, that we have lingered so long on the way that we had better take our lunch at once, and make further investigations afterwards."

Judge Van Eyck: "A good suggestion, Madame; and if you like a genuine picnic, those woods are just the place for it. Robert, have the coffee boiled, and buy some milk here at the farm-house. Bring the feed for your horses to the woods; the ladies will ride over."

They entered the woodland through an opening in the fence, where the old military road, constructed by Burgoyne for the advance of his army to Freeman's Farm, was plainly visible. Alighting from the carriage, and turning a little to the right, they soon found an open yet shaded place to spread their lunch on the ground. The wraps and cushions from the carriage were disposed around, and lounging on them in oriental fashion, with sharpened appetites, the whole party enjoyed the informal repast. Lighthearted jests, animated discussions about the next thing to be done, and good-natured disputes, caused a pleasant hour to slip away unheeded upon the very spot where, "all day long the noise of battle rolled." The lunch is over.

Mrs. Harris, walking to a small stream near the fence: "Judge, what ravine is this? Will you show it to me on the map?"

Judge Van Eyck: "Yes. You see that is a small branch of the north ravine, which is behind us. It ran in front of the British camp down by the river, and then passed through the camp, as you

find it in this place. Do you see here on the map that the bridge across the north ravine is just above the fork made by this small one?"

Miss Van Eyck: "Come, father, I am sure we know that map by heart; let us go and look for the bridge."

Mr. Winship: "Wait a few minutes, Miss Kate; I want to take another look. I see, Judge, it is quite easy to find on the map the exact spot where we have lunched."

Judge Van Eyck: "This is in front of the north ravine. Now stand up and look across the fields. You can trace the line of the middle ravine, which lay between the two camps. You can see Bemis' Heights and Neilson's Farm, where the American camp lay. There was also a ravine in front of that, and one behind it."

Mr. Winship: "The ground seems to have been well chosen by both commanders. We are coming, Miss Kate."

They follow the military road back through the woods for a few rods.

Mrs. Harris: "Here is the bridge; a very modern one, by the way, which seems singular, as the road does not seem to have been used, and looks as if it might have remained undisturbed in the forest all these years."

Judge Van Eyck: "This road was only discovered or noticed two years ago, and there was then no bridge over the ravine, but distinct marks of the old bridge could be seen; this new bridge covers the same place. This forest has remained untouched since the revolutionary time. You can see how these few acres have been left, and how in the

clearings all around the old relics of the past, earthworks and roads have been ploughed up, and are quite lost."

Miss Van Eyck: "This is a beautiful glen, with the water tumbling over the rocks. Didn't you tell me, Mrs. Harris, that these ravines would all be dry?"

Mrs. Harris: "I supposed they would, for I have heard that all the small water courses in this country had become greatly reduced, or were quite dried up."

Miss Van Eyck and Mrs. Harris linger on the little bridge, Judge Van Eyck and Mr. Winship pass over, ascend the slope on the other side and walk on a few yards.

Mr. Winship: "Look at this, Judge; here is another road, branching off from the one we have followed."

Judge Van Eyck: "This is, indeed, clearly another road of the same kind; let us follow it. You see it is graded in the same way. There were in those times no roads in New York as carefully and skilfully graded as these are. You can easily see the difference between these and the country roads we have been riding over to-day. Take a look now up and down this ravine, and at the surrounding country. Do you see that where that little bridge crosses the ravine is the only place that an army could have been taken over without the construction of a very long bridge, and a far greater expenditure of time and labor than Burgoyne used. He had skilfull engineers. This road you have just pointed out must have been made to carry the artillery and stores to Breyman's and Balcarras' redoubts."

Mr. Winship: "Do you think, Judge, that these can be the old ruts made by the

artillery and wagons in Burgoyne's time? Would they not have been filled up long ago by the deposit of leaves and dirt?"

Judge Van Eyck: "It is said that a depression of four inches in the earth will be perceptible for a much longer time. This road has been sheltered by the forest, and there can really be no doubt about these old roads; it is not only that they show in themselves what they are, but they correspond exactly with the roads on the military maps, drawn at the time."

Mr. Winship: "This then is one of the plainest and most interesting land-marks of the revolutionary period that we possess; but the glaring new boards on that bridge make one think that the old will soon be lost in the new."

Judge Van Eyck: "I think, Mr. Winship, that the most suitable commemoration of the battles that could be made would be a purchase of part of Freeman's Farm, including this little woodland. Although the battle of the 7th began off on the hills, the British were soon driven back here, where the fighting of the 19th took place. If this place was preserved without change, it would be interesting in itself, and in the course of time a monument could be erected upon it."

They join the ladies and it is decided that they will ride down to the river, a distance of two miles or more. The public road passing Freeman's Farm is followed. They go over a succession of irregular and very steep hills, they make various surmises as to the probable locality of Burgoyne's headquarters, which they know they must pass on the way. The middle ravine is plainly seen as they proceed. It grows wilder and more

rugged and the hills more precipitous. They can understand now why the columns of Burgoyne's army were so widely separated on their advance; they must either go on the river road or far to the west. It would be impossible to drag artillery over these hills and glens. It becomes more and more evident that the American position was well chosen. Approaching near the river they cross one of the ravines on a precarious bridge; they see Wilbur's basin on the right and cross the canal bridge, then turn sharply to the left on the river road.

Miss Van Eyck, coming to the side of the landau: "This is just like the pictures with which we are familiar; there are the three hills on which the British tents are always seen in the pictures. The middle one must be where Frazer is buried. See, there are the two trees, the grass covering most of the slope, and even the man with his plough; he must have come out on purpose to complete the view. What a beautiful place this is; no wonder Frazer chose it for his burial."

Mrs. Harris: "It must have been here that Lady Ackland embarked in the little boat that was to take her to the American camp. No; that was at Coveville.

Judge Van Eyck: "It was just here, too, that the British army was huddled together on the night after the lost battle. Look behind you at the flats where the river bends a little and you will see where the Americans posted themselves when they followed Burgoyne that night; and just on that rise of ground Major Stevens must have planted the cannon that made such sad work at the funeral. You can see how impossible it was for Burgoyne

to remain here long. Shall we now ride up the river to the house where Frazer died?"

Mr. Winship: "I think it will be more interesting, as we cannot see all these places to-day, to visit Bemis' Heights, below this; it will probably be a pleasant drive down the river."

Mrs. Harris: "Let us follow Mr. Winship's suggestion. I do not want to return without seeing the exact position of the American camp."

Miss Van Eyck: "Before we go, let us walk up the hill, and see if there is anything to mark Frazer's grave."

Mrs. Harris: "You will find nothing there, Kate, more than can be seen from here; yet I am sure it was a false charge made by some of the British, in which they stated that the Americans had opened the grave and scattered the bones of the hero in their search for chests of gold that they believed had been buried with him."

William: "But, Judge, they did find big chests of money some where out here, and not very long ago. I heard about a workman on a farm, who found one of these chests. The farmer made him give it up to him, because it was found on his land. Soon afterwards the workman bought himself a farm; so they knew he must have got a good deal of the money."

Judge Van Eyck: "It is not improbable that some money may have been found, as the British might very naturally have buried it before the retreat, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Americans. We must go down the river now. Drive on, William."

They have a beautiful ride of about two miles over the flats and near the

river, when they reach the site of the old Bemis House. Here they turn to the right, and begin the long and gradual ascent to the heights. This road they observe, as they examine the map, follows the line of the American camp, and runs along a ridge, with a ravine in front and behind. The remains of an old cellar on the left indicate the place of General Gates headquarters. Finally reaching the height, a turn to the right soon brings them to the Neilson House, where Morgan and Poor had their headquarters. Part of the original building is still standing, and in it the room where Lady Ackland was conducted to the bedside of her wounded husband. The house is still owned and occupied by descendants of the family to whom it then belonged. They have many relics that have been found on the farm, arrow points, balls, bayonets, camp spoons, and other things suggestive of the great conflicts or the camp life of the contestants. These are examined by the visitors, who also have pointed out to them the remains of the earthworks that may still be seen. Judge Van Eyck now hurries his party home over the road leading to Quaker Springs. Between Neilson's Farm and Freeman's Farm they pass over a part of the battlefield, and with the aid of their map they locate the positions of the different corps of troops, as they are represented there. Kate Van Eyck rides close to the carriage, and makes inquiries, or points out such places as she believes have an especial interest.

As they continue their ride home, the gorgeous sunset seems to be repeated again and again, as it is lost under the

shadow of some great hill, to be found once more as they emerge from its darkened side. The lake still lies in a profound calm, only repeating with startling distinctness the undulating line of its shores with their fringe of trees. As they near the village, the moon comes out in full splendor.

Mrs. Harris: "What a glorious day we have had, Judge; the moon seems to appear now to put a climax on its perfections."

Mr. Winship: "It has been a most enjoyable day, and I have never visited a battle field with more satisfaction. It is generally difficult to realize the connection between the place and the event; but the locations of the two camps, with the battle ground between, on the Saratoga field suggests vividness of recollection that is unusual."

They reach the hotel, alight and pass into their cottage. Colonel Shelby and Miss Pelham are sitting on the front piazza, waiting for their arrival. Colonel Shelby assists Miss Van Eyck from her horse.

Colonel Shelby: "I hope your anticipations have been fulfilled; that you have had a pleasant day."

Miss Van Eyck: "It has been more than delightful. Before I went I had a lurking fear that when I actually got upon the battle ground all my imaginations about it would take flight—that it would be only an every day field and commonplace hills, but it was not so. As I rode over the ground I did realize that it was sacred to a great cause—that it had been the arena upon which great ideas had displayed their impelling force, and that

while many of the contestants had 'Builded better than they knew,' they must still have been inspired with some dim vision of the future."

Colonel Shelby: "You convince me, Miss Van Eyck, that the pleasure or profit we may find in any object is within ourselves. How many persons would witness the scenes you have looked on to-day and feel no responsive emotion, have no new thoughts awakened. I envy the person whom you will permit at any

time to be the companion of your thoughts and sentiments. Will you allow me to hope that I may occasionally have such a happiness? You must be convinced by this time that such occasions cannot be too often repeated to please me. Will you allow me to go with you to-morrow on the proposed expedition to Prospect Hill?"

Miss Van Eyck: "I will tell you in the morning, Colonel, what arrangements we have made."

SCHUYLERVILLE

This village, the Saratoga of the past, which forms so important and interesting a feature in the Burgoyne Campaign, is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Hudson river, about thirty-five miles above Albany, and twelve miles east of Saratoga Springs. The drive from the latter place is over a regular stage road, that is kept in good condition; a start is made through one of the most delightful streets, Lake Avenue, and when about a mile out, a beautiful view of the village of Saratoga Springs may be seen; after a stretch of plain and hill, as the approach is made towards the river in the last half of the ride, fine views are obtained, and a picturesque farming country is traversed. Schuylerville lies on the lower slope of the historic heights of Old Saratoga, and every foot of ground as one enters the village limits is rich in interest, is thronged with memories of the past.

Old Saratoga! the great Indian hunting ground of the seventeenth century, the great Indian patent of the eighteenth

century; the home of the Christian Iroquois, the outpost of white civilization, the place of forts, the scene of massacres, the birthplace of heroism, the hills of triumph! Who could fail to feel a thrill of pride and joy, yet tremulous with rising tears, as he stood on the Heights of Old Saratoga; old, indeed, since it has nearly reached the second century of its existence, for "on the second day of August, 1690, Saratoga took its place among the long list of our country's geographical names." From that time it constantly appears in the accounts of the wars, or the progressive settlement of the country. It is, however, pre-eminently important as the place of Burgoyne's surrender, the last spot to which his harrassed, yet sternly disciplined army was driven; the ground upon which his ambitious spirit succumbed to the inevitable fortune of war, when he reluctantly called his officers together, and gave his vote with theirs for capitulation; and where on a terrace-like bluff, before the assembled thousands, friends

and foes, he yielded his sword to General Gates.

Here is also the plain, now partly filled by canal and basin, and marked by the Elm tree of traditional renown, where the British stacked their arms. Here also is the site of the Schuyler mansion, which was burned by Burgoyne's order, and where the officers representing the commanders of the respective armies first met for the consideration of terms of surrender, and near it is the first place of meeting between Burgoyne and Gates, for an interchange of the courtesies of military life before the final surrender. The Schuyler mansion, as rebuilt and occupied for many years by the General, is still standing.

On a pine-crested hill, south of the Fish Creek, which overlooks the cemetery on the north side, are the remains of earthworks. On this hill Major Stevens probably placed the artillery from which were thrown the very balls that tradition says interrupted so rudely the dinner of the British Generals.

This cemetery hill, stretching towards Victory, was evidently that strongly fortified part of the camp indicated on the old military maps as the position of Frazer's light rangers, and those now living assisted in the destruction of the earthworks, as declared in the affidavits below. A drive from the cemetery along the heights takes one quite through the site of the British camp, and is appropriately terminated at the Riedesel house, now owned by Mr. Marshall, and shown to visitors with great kindness, and intelligent interest. This house was visited by Mr. Lossing nearly thirty years ago, when he sketched the interior and exte-

rior for his Field Book. Since then the house has been remodeled, but the main timbers, and, in fact, all the rooms remain as they were in 1777. The rafter and base boards, through which the cannon balls passed, have been removed. They are carefully preserved, and upon inspection, will be found to authenticate Madame Riedesel's thrilling account of the days spent in this house; scenes that are vividly recalled as one stands upon the cellar floor, where her little children crouched in terror.

From the piazza may be seen the hills on the east side of the river, where the American artillery was posted, from which were thrown the balls that tore through the house. The exact place where Burgoyne crossed the river is also in sight; and upon riding to that spot, the river bank will be found cut away on each side, to facilitate the passage of the army. A little to the south are the hills on which the Americans, under Fellows, were posted.

Many places of minor interest may be visited at Schuylerville, and the tourist of leisure would be well repaid for a week or more of rambling and driving about this lovely village, where every comfortable accommodation can be found at the Goldsmith House, which has also the inducement of a good sulphur spring in its grounds.

The village is quiet and quaint, and is remarkable for the large number of families who have lived within its limits or neighborhood for several successive generations. This fact gives an unusual interest and authentication to the traditions of the place. The following affidavits were made by two of the oldest

inhabitants for the use of the Senate Committee having the Saratoga Monument under consideration; they are now published for the first time:*

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
County of Saratoga. } ss.

Albert Clements, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I reside in the town of Saratoga, in said county, in the vicinity of the village of Schuylerville, and have resided there since the year 1789—I am now ninety-five years of age. I came to this town from Dutchess county. Abraham Marshall was residing here then on the farm now occupied by his grandson, William Marshall. I heard him (Abraham) say that he witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne's army; that the British army marched down below the gravel hill located on the west side of the river road, south of Fish Creek, and Burgoyne there surrendered his sword. I have frequently heard soldiers who were in Gates' army tell the following incident: After the retreat of the British army from Stillwater towards Schuylerville, the American army pursued them as far as a hill on the south bank of Fish Creek, nearly opposite the village of Victory, and there erected a battery, and fired their guns towards the point on the north side of the creek, where Burgoyne happened to be at the table eating, and a ball came on the table and knocked off a leg of mutton.

I remember, when I was a boy, of seeing breastworks extending as much as a quarter of a mile in length along the hill where Prospect Hill Cemetery now is located, in the direction of the road just west of the cemetery. I assisted in tear-

ing them down. They were made of pine logs and earth. I ploughed up a cartridge box containing about sixty musket balls.

I remember the old Dutch Church, which stood on the south side of the road now running from the river road to Victory; I frequently attended meeting there. It was a wooden structure, heavy timbers and clap-boarded.

There were no other buildings on the south side of the creek except General Schuyler's mansion, and only two on the north side at that time.

I visited General Schuyler's mansion when he was there; I saw him signing deeds or leases. ALBERT CLEMENTS.

Sworn to before me April 13th, 1877.

S. WELLS, Notary Public.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
Saratoga County. } ss.

William H. McCreedy, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am eighty-six years of age; now reside in the village of Schuylerville, in said county, and have there resided for over sixty years past. I remember of hearing my father and grandfather, who were both in Gates' army, say: that they witnessed Burgoyne's surrender; that the terms of the surrender were signed under the Elm tree now standing on the east side of Broad street, in Schuylerville, between the feed store of Simon Sheldon and the blacksmith's shop adjoining on the south; and that the British army marched down the River Road just below Gravel Hill, south of Fish Creek, and surrendered.

I remember seeing breastworks, extending north and south, on the river flats between the village and the river.

I dug up five cannon balls there some fifty years ago. I visited old General Schuyler at his mansion several times. I dined there on one occasion; and after finishing my meal, the old General asked me if I had eaten enough. I answered that I had all that I wanted, and he replied: "If you have, knock out your teeth."

My grandfather, Charles McCreedy, and father, James McCreedy, were both in the engagements fought at Bemis' Heights, September 19th and October 7th, 1777. They told me that General Gates' headquarters were south of the old Dutch Church, and were present at the surrender; and that the old turnpike road was about where the canal now is.

WILLIAM H. MCCREEDY.

Sworn before me, April 13th, 1877.

S. WELLS, Notary Public.

* I have had the pleasure of conversing with these old men, and can bear witness to the clearness and readiness of their memory.

Mr. Clements is exceedingly interesting, and a

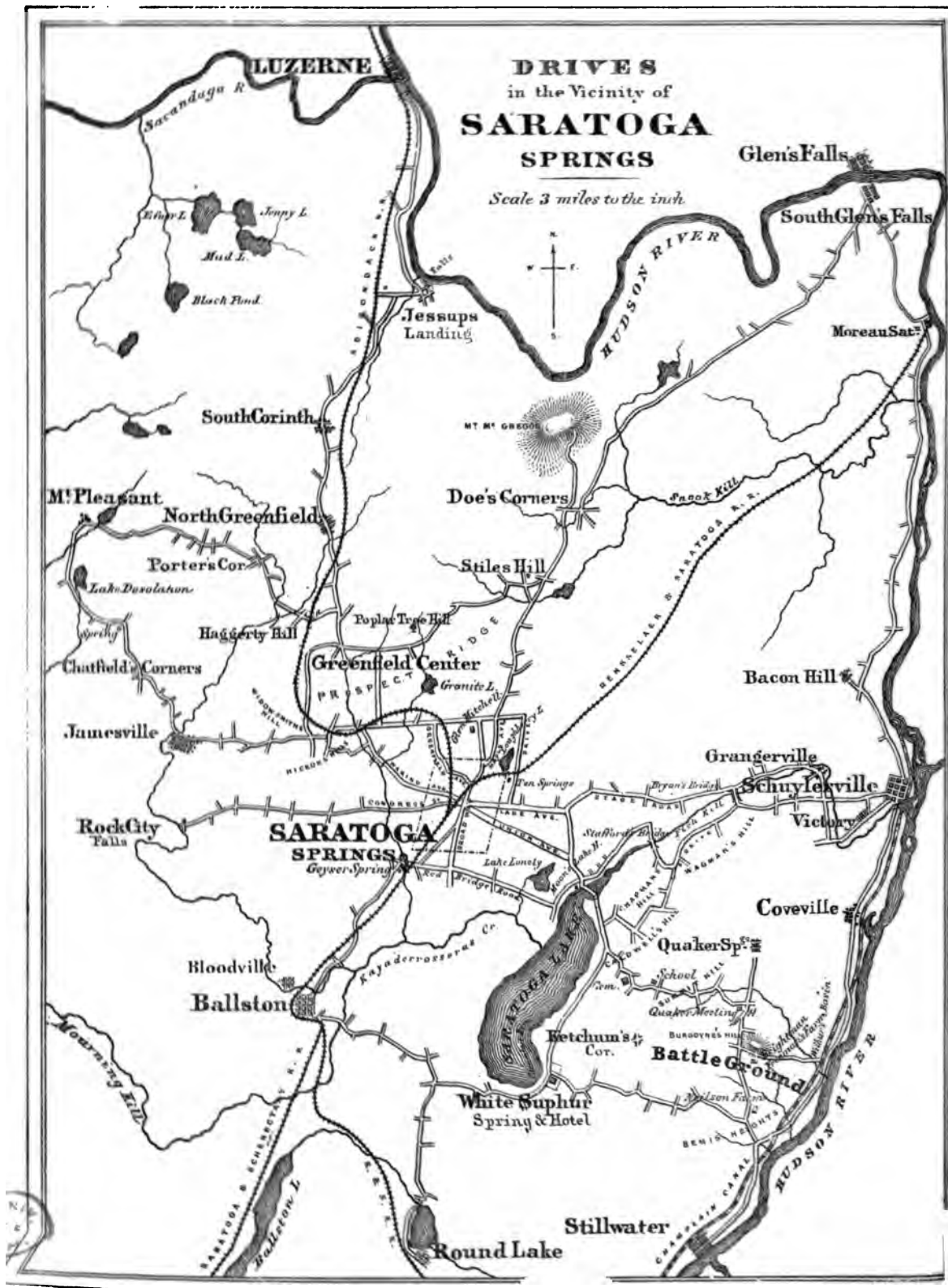
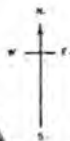
man of some attainments. He has been a civil engineer, and told me that he had surveyed the first lots that were laid out in Schuylerville, Philip Schuyler, grandson of the General, and Mr. Beadle, who afterwards laid out the village of West Troy, carrying the chain. Mr. Clements also said he had made the survey that settled the disputed line between the towns of Northumberland and Saratoga, and a curious incident enabled him to verify his work. He found the old survey mark in a log of yellow pine (known to be very durable) under ground, and corresponding with his own lines.

Mr. McCreedy is one of four generations who have fought in the various wars of the country. His father and grandfather were in the battles of Saratoga; he fought in the battle of Plattsburgh in the war of 1812, and his son took an active part in the late war. His wife, who is near his own age, and has lived with him sixty years, is a very bright old lady. She gives a vivid account of a fourth of July celebration that took place at Schuylerville fifty-five years ago, when the veterans of the revolution had a banquet spread for them on the plain before Fort Hardy, where the British stacked their arms. She says the old men were very spry on that day, and that there was then assembled the largest crowd of people ever gathered at Schuylerville. E. H. W.

VISITORS' GUIDE

DRIVES in the Vicinity of SARATOGA SPRINGS

Scale 3 miles to the inch



SARATOGA SPRINGS

IN RELATION TO THE GREAT ROUTES OF TRAVEL

The village of Saratoga Springs is located directly on the main northern railroad between New York city and Montreal. It is about five hours' ride from New York city, one hour from Troy and one hour and a quarter from Albany. Through trains, with drawing-room cars, arrive from New York and other points several times each day. The Hudson River day and night steamboat lines connect with the morning and evening trains.

From the west, New York Central Railroad trains make immediate connections with Saratoga trains at Schenectady, which is one hour's ride from the Springs. From Boston and the east, many trains of the Boston and Albany, and also the Hoosick Tunnel road connect with Saratoga trains without delay. The Adirondack Railroad has its southern terminus at Saratoga Springs. Passengers on that road can go to North Creek, then by stage to Cedar River and to Blue Mountain Lake, the head-waters of the Raquette river. Excursions can be made to Lake George on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.'s railroad to Glens Falls, and thence by stage ten miles to the south end of the lake, or by railroad to the north end of the lake, which is traversed daily by a pleasant little steamboat. Thus it is seen that tourists passing over any of the great routes north, south, east or west, can reach Saratoga to refresh themselves with

its health-giving waters, or visit its objects of interest with little loss of time, while those who remain during the season can make frequent excursions to delightful places of resort, or reach the cities for business purposes without effort or serious waste of time.

THE DEPOT

The depot is on Division street, near Franklin Square, in the central part of the village, and one block from Broadway, which is its principal street. Hotel omnibuses convey passengers to the hotels free of charge. The best class of livery carriages and horses are also in waiting for the use of travelers, and the agent of a reliable baggage express company is in attendance on the cars and in the depot. It is but a short walk from the depot to most of the hotels, boarding houses and springs.

HOTELS

The hotels of Saratoga are probably the largest in the world. These immense brick buildings are graceful and imposing in appearance. They are richly furnished with taste and elegance, and have all the modern accessories of comfort and convenience. Elevators are constantly in operation; gas, bells and water pipes communicate with each set of apartments. Broad piazzas supplied with easy chairs face the gay panoramic view on Broadway, and also sweep around the inner courts with their beautiful

lawns, cooling fountains and fine shade trees. A first-class band of music is employed by each hotel, not only to furnish dancing music for the balls, hops, and morning "Germans," but to give each day a piazza or parlor concert of classical music. A programme of these concerts is published daily in "The Saratogian," and they form one of the most delightful features of Saratoga life.

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL contains 1,100 rooms, and capacity for 2,000 guests. It offers an especial advantage to visitors in the large number of its cottages and full suites of rooms having a private entrance, numerous connecting rooms, large closets and bath-rooms appropriated to each. In these are combined the seclusion and repose of family life with the ease and luxury of hotel living. The cottage halls and parlor windows open upon large piazzas, which face the beautiful lawn; the whole forming a magnificent interior view. The enormous halls, the reading-rooms, and smaller parlors of the house are but introductory to the *recherché* effect of the grand drawing-room. Far surpassing the parlor of the old United States Hotel as this room does, it but suggests to many old time frequenters of the former, the charming days when the *élite* of the whole country met there during each successive "season." They came together with the sure and pleasant expectation each of finding the other in his accustomed place, except when death stepped in and left a theme of regretful sentiment to be dwelt upon by the survivors.

The traditional flavor of the old aristocratic element still lingers about the

United States, and is constantly strengthened by its present visitors; that more numerous throng of cultivated and high-toned people who gladly leave their city homes to refresh themselves with country pleasures and metropolitan comforts.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL has a frontage of 1,364 feet on Broadway, and its new central tower commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country and distant mountains. The hotel will accommodate 1,800 guests, and is deservedly popular and delightful.

CONGRESS HALL can receive 1,200 guests. It is a first-class hotel in all its appointments. Its picturesque bridge, thrown across Spring street, and connecting the hotel with the ball-room, when brilliantly lighted, is one of the most beautiful gaslight views of Saratoga.

THE CLARENDON fronts Congress Park, and will accommodate 500 guests, and is a favorite summer home for many of the best families of New York City.

THE ADELPHI HOTEL. This new brick hotel adjoins the United States. It is a revival of one of the oldest and most popular houses of Saratoga, and the well established reputation of its proprietor as an obliging landlord ensures it a re-established popularity. It will be kept open all the year.

REMEDIAL INSTITUTE; Sylvester S. Strong, M. D. This is an unique institution, combining in a novel manner the pleasant features of the sanitarium, the hotel and the private boarding house. Here may be had the best medical attendance and advice. Hither are sent by physicians in the cities many obstinate cases of chronic disease, that the patient may have the

benefit of special appliances, which can only be obtained in a public institution. These appliances are of the most varied, the newest and the best kind. The Turkish and Russian baths are each a *bijou*. There are also electric baths, health lifts, vibrators, the Swedish movement cure, and many other systems of treatment, all of which can be used by persons who do not board in the house. This, however, will accommodate a large number of guests. There is little appearance of invalidism about the establishment, and it is a favorite rendezvous for clergymen and literary people; music, croquet, charades and literary entertainments enliven the pleasant summer days and evenings.

The AMERICAN, WAVERLEY, HOLDEN HOUSE, WINDSOR, COLUMBIAN, EVERETT, and HEUSTIS HOUSE, are excellent hotels on Broadway. The CONTINENTAL, VERMONT and many others are pleasantly situated on other streets.

BOARDING HOUSES

The BROADWAY HALL and WASHINGTON HALL, on Broadway, are houses long established and favorably known. There are many other good houses on Broadway and other streets. PITNEY'S, on Congress street, is also a favorite resort.

DR. HAMILTON'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE offers a pleasant and refined home, with many advantages to invalids; it is on Franklin street. MOREY'S is a large and comfortable house on the same street.

TEMPLE GROVE SEMINARY for young ladies is an excellent institution of learning, and during the season it is a delightful boarding house, with its ample

grounds and pleasant rooms, to which guests are welcomed by its cultured proprietors.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS

In an irregular valley, several miles in length, lie the Mineral Springs of Saratoga county. The most noted are within the limits that terminate at the Excelsior and Union Springs towards the northeast, and the Geyser, with other spouting springs, towards the south. The valley winds through the village of Saratoga Springs, between the two principal streets, Broadway and Circular, crossing the latter near the Empire, and the former near the Congress Springs.

This valley is at the base of the great chains of mountains towards the northwest. Beneath it is a 'fault' or fracture in the earth's crust, which penetrates several geological strata. "The rocks on the west side of the 'fault' are hundreds of feet above those on the east side." This displacement prevents the free flow of waters past the "fault," the Hudson river slates being here opposed to the Lower Silurian rocks, and thus are thrown towards the earth's surface, not only the mineral springs that surprise and delight us, but vast numbers of sparkling fresh water springs of unrivalled purity and power.

THE HIGH ROCK SPRING is the historic spring of Saratoga. It was known to the Indians before a white man trod this continent, and their sick were frequently brought to the "Medicine spring of the Great Spirit." The first white man who visited the spring was a sick French officer, who was brought by the Indians from Fort Carillon. The very name of Sara-

toga is proof of the early discovery of this spring by the Indians. It signifies "the place of the miraculous waters in a rock." In 1767, Sir William Johnson was carried to the spring on a litter, the Indians having persuaded him that the waters would be a sure remedy for the serious illness he frequently suffered, in consequence of an old wound. In 1783, General Philip Schuyler opened a road from the Fish Kill, through the forest, to the spring, near which he raised a tent, and lived in it during the summer. The next season he put up the first frame house that was built at the Springs.

Considered medicinally, the waters of this spring are among the very best of the mineral fountains of Saratoga, and many old residents prefer them to any others. The especial feature of this spring, however, is its wonderful geological formation; "it is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world—perhaps the most remarkable specimen of its kind upon the whole face of the earth." It can be reached by descending into the valley from Rock street down a long, but easy flight of steps, or by walking a few rods around the hill by the Empire Spring. The Rock is nearly four feet in height above the surface of the ground, and over twenty-four feet in circumference at the base. The spring bubbles up through an aperture in the centre of the rock, remaining ten inches below the top, where the opening is one foot in diameter. The walls of the rock are of nearly uniform thickness. The spring formerly overflowed this rock, which has been formed from the mineral deposits of the water. "The mineral substances held in solution in the springs with the

carbonic acid gas are magnesia, lime and iron; these substances, together with others furnished from materials about the spring, such as leaves, twigs, nuts and shells of snails, compose the High Rock. The phenomenon is not an isolated instance of this kind of formation at the springs of Saratoga. A large amount of this deposit was thrown down at the Flat Rock Spring, and at the mouth of the Empire there was a deposit of tufa, about the size of a two quart bowl, with an aperture of two inches." These deposits are always going on, but they seldom repose long enough to accumulate and be cemented together. The position of the Congress Spring in the side of a rock, from which it made a rapid descent into the creek just below, prevented any such accumulation.

The water of the High Rock Spring is of uniform quality, and an excellent tonic; it is also bottled on an extensive scale.

CONGRESS SPRING AND PARK, corner of Broadway and Congress streets. Let us revert for a moment to Saratoga Springs in the past. It is August 1792. Near the High Rock Spring stand two rude log houses, to which rough additions have been made which convert them into taverns for the accommodation of visitors to the one spring then known in this locality; in the rear of these houses is a quaint blacksmith's shop, built of heavy stones. Not far distant, embowered by the primitive forest, is the simple summer house of General Philip Schuyler, consisting of two rooms, with a large stone fireplace and chimney between them. A mile to the west is the "clearing" of Gideon Put-

nam. A few visitors are gathered at the little taverns. They come to use the waters of the "great medicine spring" of traditional renown, the High Rock; some of the gentlemen being attracted simply by the fine hunting and fishing to be enjoyed in the vicinity. The dense forest, the abundance and variety of game, and the repose of the wilderness appealed more strongly to the men of that day than to those of the present time. We can easily imagine the sense of freedom and invigorated life with which the statesman and merchant of '92, already familiar from boyhood with the use of gun, boat and horse, would hasten to the forest "Spring" for a few weeks of rest and refreshment. Among such visitors was Governor John Taylor Gilman, of New Hampshire, who had been a delegate to the Continental Congress. "On a sunny afternoon he took his gun and wandered from the High Rock up the creek into the deep woods in search of game. Coming to a little waterfall he found at the foot of it a small jet of sparkling water, issuing from the rocky bank of the stream; stooping down to drink he found this little sparkling jet, no bigger than a pipe stem, to be mineral water. He hastened back to his boarding place and made known his discovery. Every person in the settlement was soon at the foot of that cascade in the deep, wild woods, wondering at the curious spectacle. You could almost count them all on your fingers. There was Risley, proprietor of one of the log houses, and his family, and Bryant, the patriot scout of the revolution, who owned the other one. There were also General Schuyler, Dr. Blakesley,

Gideon Putnam, a brother of Governor Gilman, with a few more guests of the log taverns. There, too, was Indian Joe, from his "clearing" on the hill, where the Clarendon now stands, and some of his swarthy brethren from their huts near the High Rock, wondering at the strange commotion among the pale faces at the little waterfall in the brook.

They all, gathering around it, each in turn tasted the water of the newly found fountain. They pronounced it of superior quality, and they named it then and there the Congress Spring, to compliment its distinguished discoverer, and in honor of the old Continental Congress, of which he had been a member."

Such was the beginning of the reputation of the great spring, which has been and must continue to be a living fountain of joy to Saratoga—her treasure and her pride—her Kohinoor! How pure, how concentrated and how firmly fixed must the elements be that compose this generous fountain of health, nestling as it does in the very midst of a bed of fresh, pure waters. The ampitheatre-like knolls around it are bursting forth and brimming over, by nature, at every crevice with great jets of fresh water. Before improvements were begun these waters permeated the marshy basin beneath, which, though dense with vegetation, still held them caressingly, and only reluctantly allowed them to flow off in a little stream through the valley.

In 1804 the Spring was found insufficient for the demands made upon it. Gideon Putnam, who then owned it, thought he saw indications of gas in the creek some distance from the spring, which he deemed might indicate its

original source. He turned the bed of the creek and found his supposition correct; a large stream flowed from this place. He immediately sunk a strong wooden tube, which secured it for forty years, and it has seldom needed repairing. A similar tube now holds the spring, and has been undisturbed since 1865; but what marvelous changes have taken place around it! Yet with all the digging and filling up, the draining, the gardening, and the building that has been in progress about it, the spring has remained unmolested, performing its wonted functions steadily and uninterruptedly. Like a pure and beautiful woman of some untutored race, this lovely spring is a perfect work of nature, and as protecting drapery and artistic adornments enhance the charms of a sylvan beauty, so do the luxurious comforts and ornamental accompaniments that have recently been so lavishly supplied to this gem of nature, increase its attractiveness.

While we sit under the spreading trees or graceful colonnade of the Park, our eyes are rested by its velvety turf, and our thoughts are made active by suggestions of the virgin wilderness, which are aroused by two lofty, picturesque pines, which seem to long to tell us stories of the past, as they sway threateningly over the very towers and steeples of the modern village. The memory-haunted deer in their quaint enclosure bound hopefully, now and then, towards the old trees, but repulsed, turn gently back to their small limits, like ambitious souls, checked by the rounds of daily duty. Our emotions are stirred by the strains of classic music, or rendered joyous by lightly tripping meas-

ures that incite the crowds of happy children to still greater glee, or please the world-worn old gentlemen, whose tastes are best gratified by old-fashioned melodies. And while we sit here idly, it is not amiss to recall the outlay of taste, skill and money that has been required to give such comfort and pleasure to the thousands who frequent this delightful spot.

The latest improvements have demanded an outlay of over one hundred thousand dollars. The beautiful buildings, the lake, the walks, the elegant, Delmonico-like service at the Spring are palpable facts, that "he who [drinks] may read;" but how few think of the invisible network of pipes, 5,581 feet in extent, that drain this natural basin, with their many hidden wells for constant inspection; of the 20,000 loads of "filling in," and eight acres of sod that have lifted and formed the firm turf; or how few know, when they drink from the ornamental fountain of fresh water, that its source is in a natural spring a few feet from them, and that another spring, which will throw a jet as large as a man's arm, produces the pleasant gurgling sound, that may be heard between the lake and the colonnade; or that many of these springs are skillfully utilized in the Park and the bottling house.

The improved method of bottling the Congress water has greatly increased its value, as will be readily recognized by those familiar with it in the past, or by any one who will look through the bottles at the transparent, sparkling fluid. Although the best known processes were used for bottling, they all involved the loss of some of the gases by pump-

ing or otherwise disturbing the water. The bottling is now done several feet below the surface of the ground, where the water runs naturally from the spring.

Strangers will find the bottling house an exceedingly interesting place to visit. It is on Congress street, opposite the spring.

COLUMBIAN SPRING. This is a tonic spring, and many patients, who are suffering from general debility, are sent by their physicians to Saratoga to obtain the benefit of this water. The spring is located in Congress Spring Park, and is accessible from Broadway, through an ornamental gateway, that merely suggests privacy, without restricting in any degree a free access to the spring. There is no charge for admission to this spring; neither is there to Congress Spring, as that water may be obtained from the open entrance on Congress street. The small fee required for admission to the Park secures to visitors the additional comfort, so long needed, of chairs about the spring and Park; many other luxuries have been added, which more than compensate for this slight fee.

It was thought for many years that the water of the Columbian Spring was too strongly impregnated with iron to be bottled with advantage; but all difficulties have been overcome, and it is now bottled in large quantities.

EXCELSIOR SPRING AND PARK. This spring, with its surrounding park, is about three-quarters of a mile north-east of the village. The park embraces that beautiful portion of Saratoga Springs which was known for many years as "The Valley of the Ten Springs," with the table land lying on either side of this valley. The high ground commands

fine views of the mountains of Vermont and of those around Lake George. The fine, natural forest of the park affords the most delightful rambles, with some beautiful woodland views. This is pre-eminently "the walk" outside of the village, and can be made long or short according to the path chosen. To the residents of Saratoga Springs the very name "Excelsior Woods" suggests remembrances of a first release from the winter bondage of snow and ice, when they hasten out in search of early spring flowers, or of gorgeous October days, when they wander under the great trees to gather the ruddy-tinted leaves and delicate ferns that may bring a breath of the forest into the winter seclusion of home life. To how many are these rambles fraught with memories of tender words and unregretted sighs? their unexpected wildness and seeming remoteness from the gay village near by, rendering them the very home of romance and of hope. The practical pedestrian will perhaps remember better the draught of delicious spring water at the terminus of the walk, the sites for summer villas laid out by the enterprising proprietor, or an inspection of the well-kept machinery of the Holly System at the Water Works near at hand; or a rest on the shaded lawn of the Mansion House, near the spring.

THE EXCELSIOR SPRING is remarkable for its crystalline purity, its mineral substances being held in such perfect solution that "seeing is [not] believing," but one must taste the water to receive assurance that the long list of chemicals—sodium, lime, magnesia, iron, &c., are really within its transparency. This, the most important of the "Ten

Springs," was retubed with great care in 1859. The excavation was made to the "Trenton lime rock, where the mineral water from five different points flowed into the well."

The Excelsior only needs to be known to be appreciated. The water is sparkling and delightful to the taste, its medicinal effects are active and its surroundings charming. It is bottled without sediment, and any visitor who enjoys getting at the "bottom facts" of things, and all those who recognize scientific thoroughness and honorable earnestness, will do well to inspect the ways and means used in bottling at this spring by the Messrs. Lawrence, Brothers. These gentlemen were the first to devise and put into effect the new method of bottling—carrying this work below the surface of the ground, on a level with the spring, and thus leaving its gases undisturbed, instead of forcing the water of the spring up, for the convenience of the work. They have also invented a new process of supplying spring water on draught, by which it can be drawn from the fountain of the druggist, pure and unadulterated, as it came from the spring. Heretofore, even when the genuine water was supplied by such fountains, it was found necessary to charge it with artificial gases. To avoid this objectionable feature, has been an object of much thought and many experiments. Mr. Lawrence has succeeded in obviating this difficulty by means of block-tin-lined reservoirs, filled by hydrostatic pressure, and perfectly gas-tight. These reservoirs or barrels are made on the premises at the Excelsior, and are shipped to druggists, under spe-

cial contract that no artificial gas or other substance shall be mixed with the water. A simple mechanism enables the druggist to attach the reservoir to the fountain; and when the water is exhausted, the reservoir is returned to the spring, to be refilled. This is an improvement in the use of mineral waters that will be highly esteemed by the public as soon as it is generally understood.

EMPIRE SPRING. This is one of the noted springs of the place, and is in the northern part of the village, just in the depth of the valley; behind it is a bold face of limestone formation. The water of this valuable mineral spring had been noted long before any attempt was made to utilize it. About thirty years ago, however, it was provided with a tube, so that the waters that had been trickling away uselessly for ages might be secured. Since then it has been used on the spot by thousands, and is bottled in large quantities. It vies with the Congress Spring in its qualities, which it resembles in some respects, but for other properties its admirers claim a superiority.

WASHINGTON SPRING. The peculiar virtue of this spring is its tonic property. Its waters are largely impregnated with iron and with carbonic acid gas, that render it pleasantly exhilarating. This spring is situated on the west side of Broadway, opposite Congress Park.

RED SPRING. This spring is in close vicinity to the Empire Spring. It has acquired some reputation for beneficial results as an external wash. The water is seldom used as a beverage. Scientific men have not detected by analysis of the water the material agent that would ac-

count for the curative properties claimed for it. Still, either fact or fancy gives it a favor.

GEYSER SPOUTING SPRING. On the way to Ballston, about a mile and a half from the village, one of the most remarkable mineral springs issuing from the laboratory of chemical compounds that makes Saratoga's celebrity, may be found. This is the Geyser Spring, which was discovered only at the beginning of the present decade. A shaft of 140 feet deep was sunk below the surface rock, and when the spring was reached, instantaneously its waters spouted with unrestrained force high up in the air. With unabated vigor the fountain still plies its action. The water is thrown to the height of twenty-five feet. It has acquired great popularity, and may be found for sale extensively throughout the Union.

CHAMPION SPRING. This is a beautiful spouting spring near the Geyser; it is uncovered, and may be easily seen from passing trains on the railroad, throwing its sparkling jets into the air during the summer, or stealing silently over its gorgeous surroundings of ice-bound spray during the winter; at this season it is a rare and beautiful sight, with its tent-like pyramid of frozen waters, colored a rich brown from the mineral deposit.

VICHY SPRING. This is also a spouting spring, near the shore of the Geyser Lake, of admirable mineral properties, and is rapidly gaining favor with the public: It is on draught by all best druggists in New York city, and in good demand; it is extensively bottled.

TRITON SPRING. This is another of

the spouting springs, and is situated on the opposite side of Geyser Lake from the Vichy; it also has good mineral properties.

PAVILION SPRING AND UNITED STATES SPRING. A stranger might inadvertently pass by the place of these two springs, from the secluded locality in which they are hidden in a valley, a few feet from Broadway, off Spring Avenue, did not a guiding sign direct his steps to the Pavilion Spring and Park. Although dwelling under a common roof, these two springs give expression to their distinct origins, for they differ very much in their properties. A bottling establishment is connected with these springs.

HAMILTON SPRING is on Spring street, at the corner of Putnam street, in the rear of Congress Hall. It has valuable properties common to others. It is curiously said that, "persons suffering from 'a cold' should not drink this water." The visitor desirous of learning the fitness of things, may find entertaining occupation in seeking a good reason for this caution.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRING. Following out Lake Avenue to about a mile east from Broadway, the tourist will discover the White Sulphur Spring. The clear, bright waters emitted from this spring lay claim to all the merits vaunted for sulphur springs anywhere in the land. Stages run hourly between the White Sulphur Spring and the village, furnishing comfortable conveyance to all who desire to experience the benefits of the sulphureted water, whether taken internally as a beverage, or used as a bath; for the purposes of the latter a commodi-

ous bath house with all convenience of rooms for hot and cold sulphur baths is supplied. The Eureka Spring is near the White Sulphur.

HATHORN SPRING. This spring is situated on Spring street, a few steps from Broadway. It was discovered accidentally in 1869, and carefully tubed in 1872. It has acquired a sudden popularity, and is bottled in large quantities. It is strongly cathartic, and is said to be used with good effect in cases of rheumatism. It contains valuable properties, and its recent discovery is a proof of the unfailing source of Saratoga's treasure house of mineral waters.

STAR SPRING. This spring has been wedded to the interests of different owners, who have manifested their favor for it with various names. Within the fifty years that its remedial virtues have been appropriated, it has been called the President, the Iodine, and last, the Star Spring. It was tubed in 1835, and during the last ten or twelve years has risen in public estimation.

PUTNAM SPRING. This spring is near Henry street, and has a bathing establishment connected with it, for the external use of the waters.

SELTZER SPRING. This spring is near the High Rock Spring, and its properties are similar to the famous German "Seltzer."

SARATOGA A. This spring is above the Empire on Spring street. It is a delicious beverage, clear and cold, and a valuable mineral spring.

MAGNETIC SPRING. This is a newly discovered spring near the High Rock, and it has some peculiar properties.

A FEW PLEASANT WALKS

(See map of the village of Saratoga Springs.)

I. The length of Broadway north and south, as far as the shade trees extend, including a visit to CONGRESS PARK, or the INDIAN CAMP, and PLEASURE GROVE, near South Broadway.

II. **WOOD LAWN.** From North Broadway turn into Greenfield Avenue, opposite Rock street, and thence into Wood Lawn Avenue, which leads direct to the Wood Lawn estate. From the slope in front of the house there is a fine view of the surrounding mountains and the distant peaks of the Catskills. The woods behind the house are full of chestnut trees, ferns and wild flowers. Return by the Bryan Boulevard, which sweeps past the front of Wood Lawn into upper Broadway.

III. A stroll through **GREEN RIDGE CEMETERY**, along Circular street as far as the Empire Spring, and a short distance out Spring Avenue to the Red Spring.

IV. **EXCELSIOR WOODS.** From Circular street, where it begins to wind down the hill, to the Empire Spring, turn up York Avenue, which leads directly to the woods, through which a delightful, shady path winds down to the Excelsior, Union and Minnehaha Springs.

Another way of reaching Excelsior Woods is to walk out Lake Avenue, and turn to the left at East Avenue.

V. Each of the mineral springs in the village should be visited in turn, besides which there are many quiet, shady streets of residences both east and west of Broadway, which the pedestrian stranger will enjoy hunting up at leisure.



SHORT DRIVES FROM SARATOGA SPRINGS.

(See Map of Drives in the Vicinity of Saratoga Springs.)

OMNIBUSES run from Broadway to Saratoga Lake, to the White Sulphur Spring at the south end of the lake, to Glen Mitchell, the Geyser and other spouting springs, Excelsior and Ten Springs, Eureka and White Sulphur Springs. Omnibuses may be chartered for pleasure parties from R. L. Skarrit. See cards at hotel offices.

LIGHT VEHICLES, suitable for country excursions, and luxurious CARRIAGES are advantageously obtained at the United States Livery and at the Congress Hall Livery.

TO SARATOGA LAKE (four miles south-east). This is the fashionable drive from Saratoga Springs. The principal road is Union Avenue, which is an extension of Congress street. It is a broad *boulevard* with a double row of trees in the center, and is kept sprinkled along its entire extent during the "season." It passes the race course, and leads directly to Moon's Lake House, and the Brigg's House, where the famous "Saratoga Lake potatoes" are ordered with ice cream and refreshing drinks. A pleasant feature of the drive is the contrast between the repose and beauty of the distant Green Mountains, and the excitement and interest of watching the quick succession of brilliant equipages that dash past. Lake avenue, another road to the lake, leaves Broadway at the Town Hall and forks off at the old Half Way House (now called Freeman's Hotel), the right hand road running into Union Avenue and thence to the Lake House. The

drive back from the lake may be varied by continuing along the lake shore from Moon's through Frank Leslie's ornamental grounds, and taking the south road to the village (the first turn to the right). This road winds past romantic little Lake Lonely and crosses its outlet at the Red Bridge. The village is reached either by turning into Nelson street or South Broadway.

TO THE GEYSER AND SPOUTING SPRINGS. (One mile and a half southwest.) By continuing the last mentioned drive about a mile further instead of turning into Broadway, Geyser Lake and the Spouting Springs are reached. But the most direct route there and back is by Ballston Avenue, which leaves Broadway diagonally, one block south of the Clarendon Hotel. It passes near the glass works, which may be visited at the same time. From the Geyser a very pretty road through the woods leads to Fairview, Professor von Below's place, formerly the residence of Professor Youmans.

GLEN MITCHELL HOTEL AND RACE COURSE. (One mile and a half north.) North Broadway leads direct to Glen Mitchell. This is a beautiful as well as fashionable drive. Maple Avenue makes a charming return drive. The High Rock and Empire Springs may be visited before turning again into the great thoroughfares.

LOUGHBERRY LAKE DRIVE (three miles) and the EXCELSIOR (one mile northeast). After driving to Glen Mitchell those who would enjoy a quiet, picturesque drive of a few miles should turn to the right, pass Maple Avenue and drive on round the shore of Loughberry Lake,

turn into Spring Avenue, which passes the water works and gas works, or drive through Excelsior Park, the Ten Spring Valley—stop at the Excelsior for a cool, sparkling drink, and then back by Lake Avenue.

TO THE POPLAR TREE ON PROSPECT RIDGE. (About five miles northwest.) If not the finest of all this is certainly one of the most beautiful drives within a convenient distance of the village, though it is not so well known as those hitherto described. The moment the open country is reached the scenery is charming. The Kayaderosseras range of mountains is seen to the west, while along the northern horizon runs an unbroken ridge of the Greenfield hills (designated on the map as Prospect Ridge), on the crest of which a solitary poplar tree stands out prominently against the sky. This tree is the object toward which the drive is directed. When the road begins to ascend the ridge, the views constantly increasing in scope and beauty, it is lost sight of and next appears when it is only a short distance in front. The Poplar should be reached, if possible, just at sunset, when the whole scene is enchanting. But to return to more practical directions. From Broadway turn into Van Dam or Church streets, either of which leads into Waring Avenue, a broad, even road. At the first cross road after leaving the village (Granger's Four Corners) turn to the right. In a short distance the road divides, but follow the left hand road, and passing through Locust Grove Corners, do not turn until the Adirondack Railroad is crossed. Here the road rises rapidly over several hills near Darrow's

farm, from each of which the view is very fine. Saratoga Lake and Snake Hill are plainly discernable. When visitors ask to go to Prospect Hill they are frequently brought here. (The real Prospect Hill is designated on the map of Drives as Haggerty Hill, which is its local name.) The entire drive to the Poplar, as here given, is over a good, smooth road. After leaving Darrow's take the first turn to the right, and the solitary poplar will soon appear. The view from the carriage is good, but a walk across the field to the tree will give a better one. A few rods east of the Poplar a road turns to the right, passes near Granite Lake, and leads into the road to Glen Mitchell. It is a little rougher than the other, but makes a beautiful and shorter return drive. Instead of going on to Glen Mitchell, a diagonal turn to the right near Denton's brings one into Greenfield Avenue.

LONG DRIVES

(On these expeditions it would be well to take the Map of Drives, and by noticing the cross roads and the forks the roads are easily found. To prevent confusion, on so small a map only the most important or direct roads are given, the others being indicated merely as branching off from them. Care has been taken to give the local names of places; most of the hills being named after the farmers who lived upon them, so that if necessary directions can be asked at farm houses along the road. A field glass should be taken on drives or expeditions to hills from which there are distant views.)

• **MOUNT MCGREGOR.** (Eight miles north.) Drive out to Glen Mitchell, turn to the right, then take the first road to the left (opposite Maple avenue). From here the road follows the eastern base of the Palmertown Range, to which Mount McGregor belongs, and which extends from Glen Mitchell to Lake George; at the first fork in the road keep to the left, at the second to the right, and drive on to Doe's Corners. Here a winding, well-graded road leads up the Mount to McGregor's Hotel, where a lunch or dinner can be obtained, and near which is the Look-Off. When it can be said that the view from this point, though on a smaller scale, is similar to the one from the Mountain House on the Catskills, no one will doubt that it is well worth seeing. Besides the ranges of mountains that skirt the horizon, which sweeps around in a vast semicircle—Glens Falls, Fort Edward, Sandy Hill, Schuylerville, Saratoga village and lake, and Willard's Mountain, overlooking the Battle Ground, are plainly discernable, while Bennington lies off among the hills on the east side of the Hudson. To one who has already visited or intends to visit the historic spots in this region, there is an especial interest in thus seeing at a glance the great theatre of the many and brilliant military movements of Burgoyne's campaign—his marches, his defeats, his surrender.

THE GREENFIELD HILLS—PROSPECT RIDGE. (Round trip about eighteen miles northwest.) Drive out Waring avenue, pass Granger's Four Corners without turning either to the right or left, and then take the first road to the

left, near a school house, to reach HICKOCK'S HILL. This road is steep, and winds over some slippery rocks, making it a dangerous place for horses. It would be well to ascend the hill on foot. The view is best seen from the front of Newell's cottage. **WIDOW SMITH'S HILL** is reached either by continuing on past Hickock's house and taking the first road to the left, or by returning to the school house and driving through Splinterville, which is a very small *ville* indeed, and then turning to the left. From the Widow Smith's drive on to the first cross road and turn to the right to reach HAGGERTY or PROSPECT HILL, which is six miles from the village. Then drive on through Greenfield Centre, past the Poplar Tree and on to ELI STILES', from whose place there is another fine view. Here there are four corners. Turn to the right and follow the road along by the Palmertown Hills to Glen Mitchell.

LAKE DESOLATION. (About twelve miles northwest.) Follow Greenfield or Waring avenue into the south Greenfield road, thence on past Widow Smith's house, near which there is a fine view, to Jamesville (or Middle Grove). From there drive north and west to Chatfield's Corners and turn sharply to the left. From here to the lake the road is rough and up hill, the scenery desolate as the name of the lake suggests, and the distant views magnificent. Near the Seely place, on the way, there is a watering trough, supplied from a fresh water spring, remarkable both for its volume and its quality.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRING PARK AND HOTEL. (Eight miles southwest.) Drive out to Saratoga Lake, down the hill be-

hind Moon's to Briggs' House, thence across the bridge and along the lake shore—a lovely drive—to the far side of Snake Hill, where the White Sulphur Spring, Hotel and Park are situated.

Omnibuses run regularly back and forth between this place and Saratoga Springs. It may also be reached by driving out Union avenue, and then traversing the lake in a little steamboat.

From the White Sulphur Spring there is a road to Bemis' Heights (see Map of Drives), thence along the Hudson river to Stillwater, and on to Mechanicsville, through which the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad passes.

BALLSTON. (Seven miles southwest.)

ROUND LAKE. (Twelve miles south.) To Ballston Spa, which was the fashionable watering place before Saratoga eclipsed her, is a pleasant drive of seven miles. Round Lake, the great camp meeting ground, can be reached by carriage from the road between Ballston and the White Sulphur Spring by turning south through Dunning's Corners and Malta. It is only a few minute's ride on the cars from Saratoga to either of these places.

CHAPMAN'S HILL (five miles southeast), from which there is a fine view, is reached by turning sharply to the left at the first road which leaves the lake shore after crossing the bridge from the Briggs House, and keeping straight up the hill past the Chapman House.

WAGMAN'S HILL (seven miles southeast) is about three miles farther from the Lake shore road. After mounting Chapman's Hill, turn to the left at two different cross roads, and keep right on till the hill beyond the school-house is mounted.

The views are beautiful all the way from Chapman's Hill to Wagman's, and the road passes through an unusually fine farming region. From Wagman's Hill a road to the left leads to Stafford's Bridge, and thence to Saratoga Springs, either by Moon's Lake House or the Schuylerville road. Another road from the Hill leads direct to Schuylerville.

WARING HILL (about fourteen miles and a half northwest). "The boldest and most imposing view, within a convenient drive from the Springs, is Waring Hill, on the road to Mount Pleasant, one of the highest points of land between the valley of the Hudson and Lake Ontario. This view includes the villages of Saratoga, Ballston Spa, Schenectady, Waterford, Mechanicsville, Schuylerville, Saratoga Lake, Fish Creek, Owl Pond, Ballston Lake, and Round Lake, together with the winding stream of Kayaderosseras, from its source in the sides of the mountain to its entrance into Saratoga Lake, and the whole course of the Hudson, from its confluence with the Sacandaga until it is lost in the midst of the Catskill Mountains. This view is obtained by a drive up the Hadley Plank Road of about eight miles; thence along the Mount Pleasant Plank Road nearly up to the foot of Waring Hill, six miles; thence to the right by a mountain road for half a mile. At this point the carriages are to be left, and Waring Hill, of three hundred feet, is to be ascended on foot. The excursion may be made between the breakfast and dinner hours with great ease. A good glass is important, for many of the villages are not to be seen distinctly by the naked eye."*

CORINTH FALLS (fifteen miles north).

"Another drive is Corinth Falls in the Hudson River, about one mile from Jessup's Landing. In order to view the falls from the Luzerne side, it is necessary to cross the river at the landing, and drive to the top of the bluff, which rises one hundred feet above the falls, or to the bank of the river below them." *

LUZERNE (twenty-two miles north).

GLENS FALLS (nineteen miles northeast).

LAKE GEORGE (about thirty miles north). Those who have private carriages, or who prefer driving to the regular railroad routes, can make a pleasant trip to Luzerne and the Falls of the Hudson by the old stage road. There are several roads to Glens Falls and Fort Edward. In the autumn, when the woods are aglow with color, a delightful trip can be made to Glens Falls by carriage, and thence to the foot of Lake George.

* Dr. Allen's Hand-Book of Saratoga.

GUIDE
TO
THE BATTLE GROUND AND SCHUYLERVILLE

GUIDE TO THE BATTLE GROUND

(Nine miles southeast). See Map of the Third Period of Burgoyne's Campaign; also Map of Drives.)

The Battle Ground proper is about nine miles from Saratoga Springs; but to drive there, around and through all the interesting spots and back again, makes a drive of about twenty-four miles. Taken leisurely, it is a delightful day's expedition. Having ordered a carriage, or, for a large party, chartered an omnibus, and prepared a lunch to be eaten at some historic spot—either in the British Camp near Freeman's Farm, at Gates' Headquarters near the Neilson House, or at Wilbur's Basin down by the river—leave the village at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, expecting to return at five or six o'clock in the afternoon.

Drive out Union Avenue to the Lake, down the hill behind Moon's to the Brigg's House, cross the bridge, and follow the road along the Lake shore, about a mile and a half, to Myer's Cedar Bluff Hotel. Here take the first left hand road, and drive up Caldwell's Hill, from which there is a view similar to that from Chapman's Hill. Take the second left hand road, which turns off between an orchard and a little cemetery, and enters a pleasant wood. Keep first to the right and then to the left. On emerging from the woods, drive straight on past a small red school-house, and up Summit Hill, the highest point on the drive, from which there is a splendid view in every direction. Standing out prominently on the

eastern bank of the Hudson, Willard's Mountain, from which the Americans looked into the British camp at Sword's House, is seen, and remains in sight during the drive over the Battle Ground. From here a cross-road is passed, and the road skirts a rounded, pine-crowned hill, at the foot of which it turns sharply to the right, and reaches the highway to Quaker Springs. Here turn to the right again near the Quaker Meeting House, and keep to the left where the road forks.

From the moment the Quaker Meeting House is reached, one is on historic ground. Frazer's march through the woods to the first fight was about where the road now is. At a short distance Burgoyne's Hill (the Hessian Camp, where Breyman was killed and Arnold wounded), a rounded eminence, covered with small trees, is seen to the left. At the first cross-road turn to the left, and the first farm house on the right, which is now occupied by Mr. Brightman, stands on the old revolutionary clearing of "Freeman's Farm," around which raged the fury of both battles. Some interesting relics, dug up in the neighborhood, are shown here, and the old well is pointed out, for the possession of which the British and American soldiers fought fiercely on the 19th of September. In the woods just across the road from "Freeman's Farm" is an old graded road, made by Burgoyne to bring his cannon across the ravine. Lately the bridge has been rebuilt, and now farm wagons travel in the ruts of the old can-

non wheels. From Burgoyne's Hill, which still retains faint traces of entrenchments and an old road, and which may be reached by a walk over the fields, one can get a good view of the ravines in the rear of the British Camp, and the battle field of October 7th, stretching off to the south and west. On Bemis' Heights, about two miles south, is seen the Neilson House, near a poplar tree. This stood in the American Camp.

From "Freeman's Farm," drive on to Wilbur's Basin down by the river. This road goes through the midst of what was the British Camp (see modern road on the Map of the Third Period of Burgoyne's Campaign), and gives one an idea of its natural defenses. Turn to the left along the river road, and drive a few rods in front of a succession of high mounds. It was here that the British were crowded together just before they began their retreat up the river. On the second mound north of Wilbur's Basin stood the great redoubt in which Frazer was buried. At the base of the fourth mound is the site of the house in which he died, occupied at the time by Madam Riedesel, and from which she witnessed his funeral. Nothing remains of it. Sword's House, where Burgoyne encamped before the first battle, was two miles farther up the river.

From Wilbur's Basin drive two miles south, along the river road, to where the old Bemis tavern stood, which is also demolished. Notice on the way where the Middle Ravine, or Mill Creek, so frequently referred to, comes in, and also the ravine which skirted the front of American Camp.

At Bemis' Heights turn up the hill to

the right. This drive gives one an idea of the strong position chosen by Kosciuszko for the Americans. Nearly all the breastworks have been ploughed down. In a field to the left, opposite the road which turns up to the Neilson farm, stands a single spreading tree, under which is an old well that supplied the house used by Gates as headquarters. A faint, square depression in the ground near it is the only indication of the house.

The Neilson house stands on the highest point of the Heights, and traces of entrenchments are visible near it, extending under the barn that stands on the same place as the old fortified log barn of 1777. The back part of the Neilson house is just as it was then. In it General Poor and Colonel Morgan had their quarters, and Lady Ackland visited her wounded husband.

In driving back toward Burgoyne's Hill, the country is traversed over which the American troops rushed forth from their camp to the battle of October 7th; and near the roadside, not far from Walker's house the spot is pointed out where General Frazer was wounded. This is the road which passes the Quaker Meeting House, and the visitor can easily find his way back to Saratoga Springs by the same landmarks which guided him thence.

THE ROUND TRIP TO BEMIS' HEIGHTS AND SCHUYLerville. After driving out to the Battle Ground and visiting the various spots mentioned above, instead of returning to Saratoga Springs, drive up the river road to Schuylerville. Along this road the British army marched to the Battle Ground and retreated to the

Place of Surrender, halting each time at Dovegat or Coveville. Spend the night at the Goldsmith House in Schuylerville, and return to Saratoga Springs the next day, visiting in the meantime all the historic spots at Old Saratoga. Omnibuses may be chartered for this trip.

GUIDE TO SCHUYLERVILLE. (Twelve miles east.) The regular stage road to Schuylerville leaves Broadway, Saratoga Springs, at Lake avenue, passes Freeman's Hotel without turning, and continues along the north side of Fish Creek to Grangerville. Here it crosses a bridge and turns south, passes a cross road, turns to the left, crosses the creek again and then goes direct through Victory to Schuylerville. Fish Creek may be crossed either at Stafford's or Bryan's Bridge, and the drive continued along the south side of the creek through a fine farming region to Schuylerville. (See Map of Drives.) The principal thoroughfare in this village is Broad street, running parallel with the river. An old Elm is shown, between which and Fort Hardy the British laid down their arms. The site of Fort Hardy is on the plain near the canal basin, reached from Perry street. Drive out Broad street to the Fishkill. The old ford across the creek is said to have been at the first bend below the modern bridge. The Schuyler mansion, now Col. Stover's, is seen to the left after crossing the creek. A few rods beyond is the site of the old mansion burnt by Burgoyne. A gravel hill to the right is where Lovelace, the Tory, was executed. A little beyond this is the spot where Gates and Burgoyne met for the first time. About where the road to Victory leaves the river

road stood the old Dutch Church. A few rods further on is the bluff upon which it is probable that Gates' marquee stood, in front of which Burgoyne surrendered his sword. The house which was used as headquarters by Gates formerly stood some distance south of this bluff. The house in which Madam Riedesel remained during the cannonade is a mile north of the village. After leaving this house, drive towards the village, and take the first road to the right, which passes the Welch place, upon which there were remains of old barracks a few years ago. To obtain a fine view of Burgoyne's position here, follow this road to the summit of the Heights, and then turn to the left, driving to Victory along the ridge of the Heights, upon which the British Camp was posted until the time of the surrender. The Germans, under Riedesel and Hanau, were encamped to the north; the British regulars extended beyond the new cemetery to a strongly fortified hill just back of Victory, which formed the south-western part of the camp, and the Canadians were stationed at the western outposts; while Morgan's corps, under cover of the woods, hemmed them in to the north-west. (See Map of Third Period of Burgoyne's Campaign.)

A monument, located on the summit of these Heights, would have an imposing appearance, and would be discernible at a great distance from many directions.

BENNINGTON. The Battle Ground of Bennington can be reached from Schuylerville by a drive of five miles through a beautiful region to Greenwich or Union Village, and thence by rail to Bennington.

KEY TO THE MAP OF THE THIRD PERIOD OF BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN, 1777

THE MARCH. The military movements may be easily followed on this map by starting with the line of march of Burgoyne's army where it crosses the Hudson river on the bridge of boats, above the Batten Kill; follow to the first encampment at Saratoga, the second at Coveville, the third at Swords House. From this place began the march to attack the American camp posted on Bemis' Heights, and which resulted in the battle of September 19th. The march is in three columns, indicated by three colored lines; follow two of these columns to Freeman's Farm.

BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 19TH. Leave the large map and trace the battle in the smaller division marked Battle of September 19th. In the first position it will be seen that Riedesel's corps (green) has not yet reached the field; the Canadians are in advance, pushed by the Americans (yellow); the British columns are breaking up to form in line of battle.

In the second position Canadians are driven back, British regulars (red) are in action, the light artillery are on Burgoyne's hill (marked Breyman's camp).

In the third position may be seen the onset of the Americans; Riedesel comes into action; British and Hessian grenadiers are drawing up in lines, Americans are resisting this.

In the fourth position the British lines are unbroken, the Americans are pushed towards their entrenchments.

THE CAMPS. Refer again to the large map and find the British camp established on the field of September 19th; Freeman's Farm and Burgoyne's Hill (marked Breyman's camp) being within the entrenchments, which extend to the river, where the hills are fortified with redoubts, and the hospital, artillery stores and batteaux are covered by a strong battery, near which is the bridge of boats.

The defences of the American and British camps, which lay within two miles of each other from September 19th to October 7th are readily traced by following the course of the streams in the front and rear of the camps; these indicate ravines that deepen toward the river.

BATTLE OF OCTOBER 7TH. In tracing this action observe the British and Hessians drawn up in line of battle southwest of their camp, with Frazer's light infantry on the right, the Hessians in the centre and the British grenadiers on the left. The Americans are seen pouring from their camp in three main columns. Next observe Frazer's second position to cover the retreat into the entrenchments; this position he never fully obtained, being wounded, and his troops thrown in confusion in the act of taking it. Balcarras' camp was next stormed; Williams' artillery having been captured, and the grenadiers being driven within the works, along which the battle raged, Breyman's camp, the final point of at-

tack, was captured; this being, as is readily seen, the keystone of Burgoyne's encamped position.

POSITION ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 8TH. Refer to the small map marked "Position on the Morning of October 8th." The British will be found crowded down by the river near the hospital and batteaux, the Americans close upon them. While in this position the funeral of Frazer took place on the great redoubt.

THE RETREAT. This will be traced along the river road to Coveville, where a halt was made; thence to Saratoga and across the Fish Kill.

CAMP ON THE HEIGHTS OF SARATOGA. It will be seen at this point that

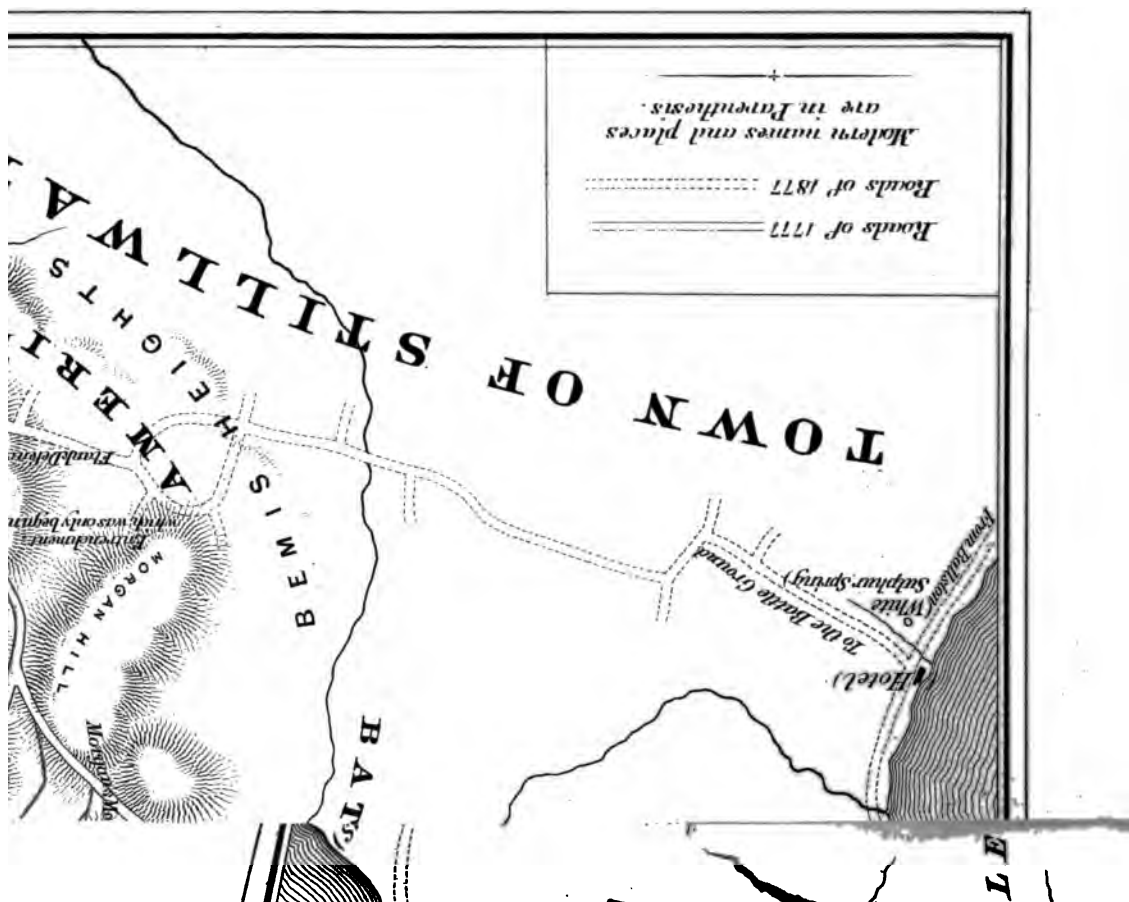
the British were strongly posted; the Americans will be found surrounding them on every side.

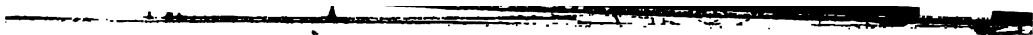
THE SURRENDER. The place where the British stacked their arms is indicated on the plain near Fort Hardy; the spot where Burgoyne surrendered his sword to Gates is a short distance below the church, which is south of the Fish Kill, on the river road.

Opposite the Batten Kill two houses are indicated by dark spots on the map, on each side of the road to Fort Miller; the most northerly is the one in which the Baroness Reidesel took refuge. It was commanded by the guns seen on the hills north of the Batten Kill, from which shot was thrown into the houses.



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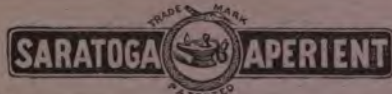
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